

WIT and FANCY  
*In a Maze.*

OR THE  
Incomparable Champion

O F  
Love and Beautie.

A  
*Mock-Romance.*



Imbellished with many rare and choynce  
Pieces of Drollery.

AND A  
Marginall Comment

Expounding the obscure things  
of the History.

Written originally in the Britis<sup>t</sup> Tongue,  
and made English by a person of  
much Honor.

*Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.*

---

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YONKERS

W. H. COOPER

**O. STEEVENS**



# Don Zara del Fogo:

## A Mock-Romance.



### CHAP. I.

Don Zara his descent. The description of his Shield, and Martiall Furniture. His invocation, and setting forth to seek Adventures.

T was now about that mungrell hour when the black-brow'd night, and greyey'd morning strove for superiority, when the mirror of Martial spirits Don Zara del Fogo sweeping the somniferous God from off his ample front with that Broom of Heaven his face-pounding fist, entered into serious contemplation of

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the renowned Acts of his most Noble Ancestors, *Thistram* the terrible and the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, so ravishing were those heroick Rhapsodies, that (upon mature chew of the cud) the Champion began to tax himself of tardity, as not having accumulated that Fame, which at the price of so

\* See the legend of Don Sordido Knight of the Dripping pan, written by the Author of Calandra.  
\* eminent dangers he had so hotly hunted after; this second cogitation had but a while combated with the first, when he summons the Squire of his body *Soto*, who lay soundly sleeping at his beds feet, commanding him (since himself never knew Letters) to read the Chronicle History of Saint George, who bathed his body in the bloody bowels of a fell Dragon, or the like Atchievement of Sir Elamore, or the hard Quell of Sir Topaz after the Queen of Elues to Barwick, or of Sir Guy and the fierce Boar of Boston; Sir quoth *Soto* (who had hardly gained sight enough to see his Master) you were wont to take great pleasure in hearing the redoubted Adventures of Sir Bevis, surnamed Southampton, and *The Knight of the Sun*; that, that quoth the Champion, the Knight of the Suns actions

actions would put fire into a flint stone, animate a Log, and make a wooden leg to walk; Soso had not long led his Master by the large ears (\* for our Champion boasted a long-hinckle Genealogie, from the Phrygian King *Midas*, a hundred fourscore and fourteen descents by the fathers side) but suddenly deserting his bed, he

\* Don Zara  
descendant  
of the stock  
of Kings,  
see Cambdo  
Avisoc.

ceased (\* all naked as he was) on his naked Sword, that Thunder-crack of terror *Slay-a-Cow*, the very same that he lately won on *Monte-Mole-bill* from the great Gyant *Pbrnedecrenobroso*, the son of *Pediculo*, and leaning thereon like the legitimate Heire of *Mars*, he very attentively hoorded up the treasures of true Magnanimitie. At every close where the Knight or her wounded the Gyant, or rescued the Lady, in token of the ardency he bare to such illustrious Acts, he gave liberty to his nayles to bring blood from either buttock, for such was the ranckness of his courage, that not onely his soul, but his skin had a perpetuall itching after honourable Attempts, augmented by a herd of small Cattell, which some Authors will have to be

\* For it was  
the custom  
of the  
Knights of  
that age to  
wear no  
shirts.

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the Genuisses of deceased Worthies,  
all waiting upon this man of men,

\* This is spoken with all reverence to Antiquity which we ought lightly to question.

the which it was Soto's custome (in order to his Masters special command) every morning to kill some of them; but the cheerfull Lady of the Light, old Typhona's tender-skin'd Madam, appearing our Champion commanded his trusty

Squire to buckle on his Armour; too long (quoth he) have we \* Padlockt Fames Tongue, not adwinistiring any little tattle to that tell-tale Goddess; Soto amaz'd at his Masters mood, soon girds that Sword about him which had often made head-strong Gyants to feel, the flinty-edged Slay-a-Gay, putting a Buckler fashioned like a Spanish Ruffe (full half yard deep) about his neck, in which with wondrous Art was pourtrayed the thicke famous story of that renowned Combat betwixt those two Arcadian Heros, Clinias and Dameras; as I have seen those pair of Champions\* drawn to the life in Canvas against the walls of a mean Mansion made for good fellowship; those Bucklers that \* Homer and Virgil have fashioned for A-

\* Whether by Vandike or Hilliard, is not certainly known.

\* Two excellent for-

obles and Aeneas, were but the varnishes of some Indian hand compared with this rare piece of Sculpture, about the Reverse whereof was this Distich (which some attribute to Linus, others to Hesiod) ingraven,

*This Shield by Vulcan  
was in Lemnos forged,  
That it might serve  
Don Zara for a Garter.*

His Mace \* bearing the figure of a Cambrian Fig Soto hanged at his Saddle bow, for he had abjured the use of a Spear since that fatall Turnament in Utopia, when a splinter of his Lance forced it self against the face of the truly Sanctimonious Matron Bardwore-a, then seating himself on the back of good Steed Founder-foot (a horse not to be bettered in *Ptebus* Stable for the flownce or the frisk, and all the fashions of a prauincing Palfray) he appointed Soto to Lacquey by his side, committing himself to the guidance of Fortune: Soto was arm'd (not so much for his own preservation as his Lords defence) with an

\* This kind of weapon  
the old Ro-  
mans term-  
ed a pile ;  
the Arabi-  
ans that bor-  
der upon I-  
taly a Jave-  
In ; the  
Brittains a  
half-pike.  
See Scaliger  
de usu clubi-  
bus, l. 6, p.  
19000.

\* Ashen plant, made tough by Time,  
and pointed with steel, his brain was  
bound about with a Monmouth Tur-  
band, and his back and breast bul-  
warkt with impenetrable Past-boord,  
so that he who had seen our Champi-  
on and his Attendant, could not but  
have fancied the mighty *Primalion*  
and his *Page*, or the famous *Bragado-*  
*bio* and his man *Trompart*; nor could  
the piety of our Champion permit  
him to castigate his Courser for the  
mending of his pace, till he had offe-  
red up this solemn Orayson to the  
Souls of those deceased Worthies,  
whose complicated lustre creates that  
splendent path, called *The Milkie way*.

O Mervin, Mervin, (quoth he) thou  
mighty Son of the munificent Oger, who  
at one stroke didst pare away three beads  
from off the shoulders of an Orke begotten  
by an Incubus! Thou George the great  
Champion of Christendom (the true Apol-  
lo) who for the sake of the Sultans daugh-  
ter, destroyedst a Python six acres in  
length; Thou Amadis de Gaule, who  
encountredst with a Dragon and a Devil  
at once; Thou Palmerin de Oliva, who  
(by

## Chap. II DEL FOGO.

(by vertue of a Wart on thy nose) didst so many times passe the Ægean Seas in a Shallop contrived all of Coney-skins; and thou Errant Knight of the Ruby Rose; Look down ye immortall Essences of never-dying Enigar, let your spirits be \* centred and centupled in me whose \* heart is of a size sufficient to retain all your Excellencies, and in whose ample brest there lodges as sublime a Soul as ever yet Nature coffin'd up in a Corkas composed of a metal more robust then that of Roderigo, or Rud-Hudrinbrafs.

\* Centred  
and centu-  
pled, mean-  
ing hid and  
hundrifide.

\* By this it  
appeares  
that his  
heart was  
hollow.

This Ejaculation was no sooner extinct, but Soto (enamoured on his Lords perfections, as if he had been inspired by one of Agrippa's holy Demons) began to shake his skull very strangely, rowling his eyes like Abraham in Sands his Show, insomuch that our Champion (could it have been possible for that thing call'd Fear to build in his brest) had fled from the face of his faithfull Servitor; but to put a period to his anxiety, Soto thrust forth these numbers, in a tone almost equall to \* Stentors, the presages of

A Stentor  
was a Gre-  
cian Cryer  
of the court  
to K. Aga-  
mepnon.  
*Momer Illi.*

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his Masters incomparable, incompre-  
hensible performances.

**L**ace on thy Helmit,  
**L**, mighty man of valour,  
Fortune shall never squeeze thee  
with her squalour :  
Fierce Knights and cruell Beasts,  
with many a Gyant,  
Thy charmed steel shall make  
both smooth and pliant ;  
The fickle Goddess  
on thy horses Crupra,  
(As her best boast)  
has fixed her Nil-supra,  
For things beyond belief  
shou shalt atchieve-a,  
Whicb shall make after times  
to grutch and grieve-a,  
When they shall finde thou hast  
as brave a Plea-as  
The great Achilles,  
and the stout Æneas :  
Therefore of thy Fame  
be no neglectior,  
Thou that art born  
to rivall glorious Hector :  
Were there a Troy besieg'd,  
and thou within it,

Not

## Chap. 2. D'E L FOGO.

Not Greece, nor Gallo-Belgica  
could win it;

Troylus should live,  
so Rhæsus and Sarpedon,  
Achilles dye on's wounds,  
and Ajax bleed on:

All that's Magnanimous,  
or bigb, or rare-a,  
Being lockt up in the brest  
of our Don Zara,

Heightned with this poeticall Prophesie (the Brittish \* Proverb being verified by this brace of brave ones) our Champion already fancied himself fighting with Gogmagog, or *Gargantua* for the moity of the Universe; but so unfortunate was he this very first day of his most memorable resolve, that desired Adventours offered it self, neither fierce Lyon, nor furious Bear, yelling Dragon, foaming Boar, or angry Antilope, no perjured Knight to fight withall, or injur'd Lady to infranchise, no Magicall Wharfe, so that the Champion did not causlessly curse so calm a Climate, that afforded no viands for Valour to feed on; Thus chewing the cud of courage, he rode

\* Trim tramm,  
etc.

\* This was somthing too mean a recep-  
tacle for so accomplished an Heroe.

\* Called in old time a red Lettice, the signal of something that tends to good-fellowship. See Causabon de structuribus & liquoribus, lib. 90.

\* That very Lucius An- neus Seneca, who wrot of temperance and Fortitude, yet livd like an effeminate Epicure, and dyed like a pusillanimous Coward.

rode on in much vexation, till the approaching night warned him to take shelter, which Fortune favourably allotted him, for at the foot of a huge mountain, whose head knockt against the Clouds, a \* Cottage with a \* chequered Portall, Piriwig'd with thatch, and lined with mud, offered it self for his entertainment, its coarse out-side was no less then a corasive to our Champions conscience, but he had heard of \* Seneca's Aviso, that, *The wisest and strongest men ought to stoop to Time and Fate*; and therefore making a halt at the door of this sedgie structure, he alighted from his good Steed, and demanded hospitable treat of the Captain of that carowling Citadel, who (in much astonishment) gave a trembling reception to himself and Soto.



## CHAP. II.

Zara and Soto their entertainment  
in the Cottage, their Host (looking upon  
the Champions fist) tells him his Fortune,  
and recites a Copy of verses, with other re-  
markable passages.

Our Champions carcass was not  
more harrassed with tedious gra-  
vaille, then his colon crammed with  
an accustomed vacuity, for he having  
been managed to this maturity with  
Mares Milk, though he boasted not the  
strength, yet he retained the stomach  
of a horse; the first thing therefore  
debated on by our Don, was (as an In-  
quisitor) what food the Farmery af-  
forded? the Host after many cringes  
began to excuse his unpreparedness;  
his bed-Cockatrice seconding him  
with an old-brew'd Apologie, but  
quoth mine Host (who in all respects  
resembled that\* Robert of the Vale,

\* This Ro-  
berts surname  
was Booker,  
a maker of  
Almanacks,  
he had two  
handsome  
daughters &  
kept a Wine  
Ale-house.  
See the En-  
glish Chron.

who foretold the landing of *Henry the 7<sup>th</sup>.*) if your worshipfull Excellency shall deign to accepte of such provaunt as at the present your servant can purvay, your worshipfull Excellency will eternally oblige me: Pray thee (quoth *Zara*) leave thy prate, and provide such iustenance as my merit commands, and thy estate permits; for by the soul of *Cæsar*, I am as hungry as an Ostrich, and could digest a bar of Iron bigger then an ordinary Main-Mast: The Astrologgers (I am afraid) keep such <sup>\*</sup> Houses as thine when they sup on fides of *Taurus*, and joyns of *Aries*: My guts quoth *Soto*, are contorted like a Dragons-tayle, in Elf-knots, as if some Tripe-wife had tacked them together for Chitterlings: The Host wondred at these egre expressions, and concluded that the Champion had bin lately upon some Adventure fasting; while meat was making ready, the merry Host exhorts his Guests to a free Carouse, beginning a Health to *Chayl-maine*, which *Don Zara* not refused, and commanding *Soto* to the same celebration; remember (quoth he) the great

\* Being twelve in all. See Merlinus Anglicus de staribus & ejus manib- onibus tract. see p. 10000

great Duke of Drowndland, whose Champion I am, and his sole Heire the most illustrious and divinely fair, *Morphena del Siupratia*. Soto was ever an obedient servant to his Master, especially if the injunction had any dependence on the pot or the spit, and therefore he failed not in the premises, so that *Bacchus* has almost baulkt *Ceres*, and our Champion is now more drink then dyet: But by this time \* Supper is served up, but neither Hostess nor Host can be perswaded to sit down, but they waited on the Champion and his o'r-grown Page as incompatibly, as if Homer had made *Nestor* and *Hecuba* to dance attendance after *Diomed* and *Teucer*; they fass to admire *Zara*, and pray that themselfs may escape the streak of his \* steel, the Champion making it appear by the terribleness of his teeth, that he dares tear the strongest opposite in pieces: Nor was Soto's courage much inferiour to his Masters, who eats and talks, making his stories the parenthesis of his meals, what Fiction reports of mad *Ajax*, that having kill'd a Sheep, fancied he had slain

\* It were needless to mention the covering of the Table, or ranking and filling of the dishes.

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slain Agamemnon, is here prov'd true, for every gaping Orifice that our Champion created, most lamentably butchered his Host, what wide wounds he gives Routing all before him ; so that he must trust to tradition, that should say such and such once were : But at last his fury began to be asswaged, being grown weary of the work of death, he sheathed his Fauchion, and commanded a bowl of the same cratonian liquor to be brought, which after a trebble pledge, abolishes all nicity \* and makes the Heroe and his

\* Such is the  
potent vigor  
of Ale.

\* Not that he was a Leveler, but being of the same humor of som kings, who play at Nine-pins with their Pages, yet thereby neis ther subiect their persons nor their powers,

which make the Family now tipple promiscuously ; \* His Excellency enforces the parity, who (big with fancy) narrates his severall Encounters, Onslaughts, and Batteries, his infranchising of intralled Ladies, his finishing Inchantments, his inquests at home, and Conquests in forreigne Countries, his binding of Gyants in brazen Gyves, and driving out the souls of Dragons and Dæmons ; His Host and Hostess listning as attentively as if the Lecture of the Seven Champions were now reading : But, quoth my

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my Host, if your Highness please I can inform you of your future Fate by an infallible Rule which I once learned of an old Gypsie in Monmouthshire, who pen'd it in Monosyllables, please to afford your victorious palm ; these last words were more terrible to our Champion than the points of a thousand Swords, imagining that his Host would hint that old Maxime in Palmistry, *viz.* the farcing of the fist with a piece of silver ; but this terror was soon taken away by his Hostess ready reception of his hand, who (having gently wiped away that filth, which lay at the foot of his *mons veneris* with his spittle) began for to foretell many future events, and amongst the rest predicted, that such a year of his life the Champion should be \* beholding \* Not that to his book for his persons safety : he should be condemned to be hangd. This Clause made *Don Zara* (who knew that his neck could not be protected by his tongue) to laugh heartily, which his Host perceiving (though angry that his Art should not finde a more serious welcome) he said, I find that your worshipfull Highness had rather be busied about some more merry

merry imployment; I confess Palmistry is so profound a Science, that few or \* none upon earth understand it: Behold Sir a Copy of Verses that our Vicar lately composed (on St. Valentines day) occasioned by a great \* Feast made by Maior of Quinborough, a City not above half a league distant from hence; then pulling out a bag of the best Buckram, the Champion having commanded silence, mine Host began to read the following numbers.

a The old  
Maior.

b The new  
Maior.

c The AL-  
dermen.

d An old  
wife.

e You may  
scell out  
the mean-  
ing.

**S**t Aturn grown old, the Gods agree,  
**S**b Jove should assume his Sovereignty,  
And become chief; a solemn day  
Appointed, when the Gods most gay,  
(Attair'd in habits rare and strange)  
Came to be witness of this change;  
The Fry of Gods were there beside,  
Each with his Bastard, whore, and Bride,  
The path whicb to Joves Palace leads  
In order, all this rich troop treads,  
**d**Ceres threw wheat on Jove most dainty  
Thereby forespeaking future plenty:  
Th' Instrueted Swine did follow after,  
And for their Wheat left somthing softer,  
**e**Civet, like Irish Soap, good beasts,  
Fit waiters at such solemn Feasts:

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At length they reacht Joves Hall of bliss,  
 The Gods sat down, the f Goddesses  
 Were striving for the Superiority,  
 Till g Juno challenging the Majority,  
 Ended the busines (most demurely) f The All  
 Plac't and displac't as pleas'd her surely ;  
 Were striving for the Superiority,  
 Ended the busines (most demurely) f The All  
 The Tables stood full crown'd with Dishes,  
 Enough to satisfie all wishes,  
 Of longing Wives, or Maids grown sickly  
 With fruits, and doing nothing quickly ;  
 Huge Pots of Butter not full blew,  
 With Custards of a doubtfull hiew ;  
 Stewd Prunes, bread made of h Malabar, b Bread  
 And Honey fetcht from Sugar Cane,  
 Green Apples, plenty of small Nuts,  
 T'employ the teeth, and gorge the guts ;  
 The Goblets proud themselvs to see,  
 So full of Sider (verily).  
 Both Brandy-wine and Aqua-vite,  
 And Ale in years & strength most mighty,  
 As plentifull as i Bonniclabbar,  
 That each Guest his lips might slabbar ;  
 Thus with Satiety being crown'd  
 with Bacchus wreaths in flumber drownd  
 The k spheres made Musick all the whils,  
 The l Bard brave Meeter did compile ;  
 Then fulgent m Phœbus standing up,  
 (In's greasie fist, a greasier Cup) i A comed  
 mon Irish  
 drink. See  
 the Diction  
 ary.

C

Drank k Two Fide  
 less and a  
 blind boy  
 with a Bag  
 pipe.

l Their Poet  
 m One of  
 the Alder-  
 men,

Drank Daphnes health, Bacchus reply'd  
 And quafft another to the Bride  
 Of Vulcan; this health pass'd along,  
 Mars's Fether wagging mony st the throng  
 Drank Pallas belt<sup>b</sup>(brave wench & wise)  
 Which draught cost n Cupid both his eyes  
 Straining to pledg, Hermes stood still,  
 And markt how Ganymede did fill  
 The Bowls, which swiftly past around,  
 Till God and Goddesses had bound

<sup>a</sup> They were almost all drunk.  
<sup>b</sup> The Sun went down.

o Their heads with Ivy-leavs and Vines,  
 His head to his knee, now each inclines;  
 p Apollo then slipt thence half drunk,  
 His burning Bonnet dofft he funk

In Thetis lap, so Heaven lost light,  
 And day was damp<sup>t</sup> with irksom night;

q Mr. Maior call'd to his wife for Candles.  
<sup>r</sup> She was drunk and would none

q Jove bent for mirth, bad Juno spread  
 Her mantle o're the Worlds black head,  
 But r she inrag'd with Lyeus Juice,  
 And madly jealous without 'scuse,  
 Refus'd to guild th'unspangled Skie,  
 With the eyes of her Cow-keeping Spie,

s She took Mr. Maior a box on the ear,  
<sup>s</sup> And aided by a vigorous Fate  
 And the shrewd Goddesses, Joves state  
 She durst assume, pressing as farre  
 As th' Gyants in their mountain Warre,  
 They first bound Jove, the other Gods,  
 (Constrain'd by darknes, drink and odds,  
 Alas)

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Alas) were forc'd to condescend  
To all things for a quiet end :

t Jove granted Juno rrule oth' Ayre,  
Her frowns or smiles mak't foul or faire ;  
His Bolts and Lightning she may take,  
And with her tongue the Ax-tree shake ;  
From hence her Sex their Charter hold,  
To rule 'gainst reason, cry and scold :  
Proserpina obtain'd of Pluto,  
That all should speed who she-saints sue to,  
That mans affairs in purse or state,  
Should be ruled by the womans rate ;  
Venus may lye with all that love her,  
No saucy God must dare reprove her,  
Dallying with maners, whilst Don Vulcan  
Should to their pleasures drink a full Can :  
Thus by the stern decree of Fate,  
Our Ile's an Amazonian State.

Mistress  
Mareesse  
might do ]  
what she ]  
would.

This Drollericall Poem mightily augmented our Champions mirth , who (as the fashion is for most great ones) was ever delighted with what his capacity most condemn'd, as soaring too high for the frail sight of Amphibion-like Genius, \*but such great spirits as that of Champions move not by Pedantick Statutes, for their actions, though excentrick, il-

\* sentence.

Illustrates the cause, and Priscians pate receives honourable wounds, when they please to pummel his skull, but Morbe the Champions Hostess is almost in as bad a condition as if she had swallowed purging Confects, casting up a very fair account ere the Champion \* could call for his reck-

ning, so that six hands were not sufficient to convey her to her Cowch :

The night now was more then half spent, Baron Tell-clock had twice sounded *Boot-sel* to our Worthy ; and the busie Bell-man bounced twice at the door, and as well the Champion as *Soto* began to grow dormious, which occasioned the Host to petition their present departure to bed, which (with heavic heads heaven knows) they went to ; yet maugre his pestiferous Ebriety, magnanimous *Zara* forgot not to have his Mace, and other Military Utensils conveyed into his Chamber (a Receptacle just five foot Diameter) where that night himself and *Soto* must make their abode on a Canvas Quilt stuffed with the richest Rye-straw, their Sheets of a dusky kind of Flannel.



## CHAP. III.

*What hapned to Don Zara in the night. His Host brings in his Bill of Fare. The manner of the Champions departure, with other accidents.*

W<sup>H</sup>ole Warrens of starv'd Fleas;  
that bit like Ban-dogs (which  
you will say was strange, considering  
their somniferous Ale-bury) the  
Champion and his fidelious Land-  
loper Soto, that they thought them-  
selvs delivered over to the disposall  
of Demogorgons diminutive Dæmons,  
insomuch that the Champion grew  
unspeakably enraged, especially since  
he was out-raged by an enemy whose  
existence pleaded a protection from  
the violence of either Sword or Mace,  
which causeth him thus to complain :

\* O ye powers celestiall (quoth he) Zara's complaint.  
that powre down plagues at your  
pleasures on pervicacious mankind;

\* Who cos-  
fin'd up his  
Cousins in  
crust.

what crime greater then that of \* At-  
reus have I committed, that my body  
is thus baited by the basest of worms?  
Rather ye mighty Powers, who have  
indewed me with Achillean Valour,  
and Herculean strength; let my blood  
be drill'd by the mightiest and most  
Noble Champion in the world; or  
order me the overthrow of *Ottaman*, to  
pull down the pride of *Persia*, or to  
ruine the *Russian Tyrant*.

With these and the like complaints  
our distressed Champion spent the  
most part of the dolesom night, but  
finding it all in vain to bewail a help-  
less ill, he resolved to bear his biting  
Fate with as much magnanimity as  
was possible, and so defying the ea-  
gerness of those sanguine-coated *Æs-  
trums*, he waited with incredible pa-  
tience the approach of the Suns Po-  
stillion, but was beguiled of that

\* Meaning  
the Civick  
Crown  
which the  
Ancients ap-  
pointed for  
him who  
bore his bad  
fortune  
bravely.

\* honour he hoped, for a sud-  
dain drowsiness stuprated his senses,  
and he slept as soundly as *Adam* when  
his side was opened to find out that  
*Rib of Ruine*; so that the Sun had tra-  
vail'd almost a thousand miles ere he  
opened

ook. I.      Chap. 3      *DEL FOGO.*

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opened the windows of his eyes, by which time *Soto* (the very Emblem of an earnest zeal, and the meer mithologie of masculine love) was currying of his Masters Courser, and polishing his Armour with pretious Vulcanian dust; the Champion awaking, soon impoverished his bed to enrich his body, seating himself in his last nights tipling Tenement; nor must Fame forget to relate this (as an especiall and infalible argument of our Champions incomparable candour) that though his skarifi'd skin would hardly permit his shirt its wonted familiarity, \* yet he took not the least notice of his last nights cruel sufferance, but with a chearfull voyce accosting his Host and Hostess, he bestowed on them a Complement consonant to the time of the day, commanding a Toast (in folio) to be forthwith made, the steeple Bowle to be repleted with Roping Ale, and (if possible) the powder of Nutmeg to be put therein; all which being perform'd with wondrous celerity, the Champion drank his noones draught, and appointed *Soto* the same Doce, who by this time

\* Zaras und  
parallel'd  
Magnani,  
ratty.

C 4                had

had finisht his morning imployment, and waited at his Masters elbow, who (whether by the malignant influence of some pecculant Planet, or else vexed at the villany of his last nights bed-fellows) was exceeding sad and Saturnine, often starting, and sometimes with an irefull Aspect, laying his hand upon his Sword, to the amazement of his Host and Hostess ; but *Soto* (who was intimately acquainted with these (seeming) strangers, and could learnedly Comment on the complexion of his Masters soule at such times as these) knew very well that these passions proceeded from no other cause, but that innate Antipathy between his Masters purse, and the proditory of a Reckning, which his \* Host (the legitimate child of Mammon, and Madam Avaritia) had just now wounded his eyes with, the Champion (as not knowing its importment) accepted it, and (as his manner was upon all like occasions) gave it *Soto*, commanding him to read it ; *Soto* receives it as a needy Gallant would his Taylors Bill, his countenance as pale as a Countrey Gentle-womans

\* A very  
very Vicious  
aller.

womans, viewing the Lions at first time; it was written in very legible Characters, and ushered with this termagant Title.

*A Bill of Fare.*

Imprimis, Six Black Puddings, each of them a full yard in longitude.

Item, Five Loaves of the best Barley-bread.

Item, An Oxe head baked after the Franconian fashion.

Item, Seven pound of the best Essexian Cheese, sawed in sunder on purpose for the Champions eating.

Item, A Gallon of Mares Milk thickened with Meal.

Item, Nine Stanes of Lanted Ale.

The Lodging, large Toasts, and other Appendixes not accounted.

Soto sang these blanck Verses in a very feeble tone, and having finished, threw the paper into the fire with such fury, as sufficiently expressed how angry he was that his Masters eares should be molested with such muddy Sarcasms, which act of his put the Host and Hostess upon the enterers, espe-

especially when gazing upon the Champion they beheld him foam like some incensed Boar, a pallid Lightning leapt from his eyes, and ill-portending Meteors hung upon his front so that he seemed the very picture of Doomesday ; but while all stood trembling, or rather wishing an immediate then lingring death , the Champion thundred out this men-nace.

But that thy Stars never ordained thee, thou man of Motley, as a fit mor-sell for my renowned Kill-za-Cow to manducate, I would presently slice thee into steaks, and broil thee upon thy own Grydiron ; hast thou a mind to have thy Fabrick fired in so many places, that all the Ale thou art Ma-ster of shall not be able to quench it, till it lye (like another Troy burnt by me (Zara) greater then the greatest of Grecians ) low in its own ruines ? hast thou a will to have thy barrell heads beaten out, thy brittle Vessels broken against the walls, and thy wife led captive in Ovant Triumph.

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Chap. 3. DEL FOGO.

27

This funguos Inflation operated so vigorously, that aswell *Morba* as her husband fell at the Champions feet, imploring remission, as not imagining his displeasure : The Heroick Don graciously granted their Petition, not onely pronouncing their pardon, but affording his hand in order to their elevation ; but withall, warned them to take heed for the future, how they tempted the rigour of Fate by a pecuniary proposall to a Knight Errant ; this the poor penitent swore to ; which done, our Champion hanged on his Harness, mounting his good steed with a Majestick nod took farewell of his Host and Hostess, who seemingly afforded him a Princely Valediction, but in heart wished him in *Procrustes* bed, or *Perillus* brazen Bull.

CHAP.



## CHAP. IV.

The Description of a fine, fragrant, flowery Vale, supposed to be the place where Adam tasted the Apple. The marriage of the Phoenix with the Bird of Paradise; her disloyalty, and his Tragedy. Don Zara's heroick hope.

Fortune having allotted so favourable a departure to her dear Don he was not onely animated for after performances, but exceedingly pleased with his own perfections, which had not onely crammed his colon, but administered instrnction to the barbarous, how to bear themselves to true ennobled Personages: Soto was as bonny as a new Beneficed Priest, and ran by his Masters Horse as he had bin ballasted with Quick-silver. The all-seeing Sun had travell'd more then half way to the *Antipodes*, when the Champion lighted upon a \* Vale, so rich

\*This Vale  
is not now to  
be found, but  
that there  
was such a  
place. See  
Mandevi's  
Geography,  
lib. 16000.  
4st. 2000.

rich and so rare, that Nature grew Bankrupt when she modelized it, and striving to be quaint (forsooth) forgot to keep any reserve; for by this work the Champion assured himself that she could make no more such; This goodly Plain was imbold with the choicest of Natures Jems; no frost nor winter there, but continuall Spring time, and everlasting Summers; here grow those happy Trees from whence flowes that precious Oyle wherewith Kings and Priests are Anointed; the choycest Fruit that Europe affords with such toyle to the Husbandman, are here to be had unplanted; Here Madam *Flora* gathers her Roses and Tulips, when we(alas) have not so much as a Dasie to deck her head with; Here *Medea* pickt those Simples that restored the wise *Aeson* to youth; And here ( that the World may no longer be deceived ) it is that the Phœnix builds his Nest, being ever distinguished by his meniall Train, which are these :

The Pe-hen,      } The Turtle,

The Turkey-hen,      } The Gold-finch,

The

*The Pheasant,* } { *The Canary, and*  
*The Popinjay* } { *The Nightingale.*

These are the Phœnix his Favourites, who travail with him through the Ayre upon all occasions, but he never passes the limits of this *Tempe*, as holding all other parts of the Globe not worth his visit : Some Authors (perhaps *Pliny* or *Solinus*) report, that the Phœnix had espoused the Bird of Paradise, his Bride was fair, and rare, and rich, and young, and wise, and noble, only her \* Tayl

\* She took this fault by kind, & ther- fore was the more excusable.

■ Riddle.

is too ponderous for her body ; this noble pair dwelt not long in peace, for loves fire began to flake and coole \* ere the unconstant Moon had twice lookt upon the foodfull earth with half a face ; she now began to hate and loath what she once so covetted, yet to \* over-spread her had been no Herculean labour, had her insatiate Tayl and mind admitted of contentious bounds ; but thus ;

\* The weakest Stomacks desire the strongest meats.

Thus the greatest smoke rises from the smallest fire.

\* Cover her in the origi-  
nal.

\* Six golden Sentences borrowed from the 7<sup>th</sup> Sages of Greece,

Thus

Thus slender wits undertake the profoundest matter.

Thus swift pursuit makes a slow performance.

Thus the Appetite is moved by impotence.

Thus Palmerin the Champion oxe  
threw the Gyant Franarco.

So she though little her self, loved every \*great thing, and at last became so incorrigible impudent, that she durst mention a Divorce, although the Phœnix with tears besought the contrary, not so much out of affection to her, as to prevent the shame that must inevitably follow such a busyness, but all his persuasions were in vain, a seperation is made, and she is married to *Cynosure*, an unknowne fowle, both begot and bred by the Ayre. he (according to kind) trod incessantly \* firing his own Fabrick • Hadal spiccs to quench hers, who laid often, but <sup>of the French</sup> yet they were but Wind Eggs, though some \* Naturallists say, that such Eggs do hatch the Cockatrice.

\* Though it  
were long.  
first.

<sup>Had</sup>al spiccs  
of the French

\* See Cowar  
and Poet  
Quid.

How sad the Phœnix was in mind ?  
how sorry to be so slighted by her for  
whose

whose sake he had so debased himself  
I leave to those that have been Phœ-  
nixes to judge; but so mightily he  
took it to heart, that now (too late)  
he resolved to hate all second mat-  
ches, and to dye a Widdower; but  
grief perplexed him so, that he feared  
he should leave the world, ere he had  
created himself anew, and so his nest  
being unmade, he might quickly lose  
both life and name; to prevent which  
he takes his speedy flight over hills  
and Dales, Lakes and Rivers, over  
Kingdoms and Countries, both East  
and West, and all this to gather Spi-  
ces for his Funerall (O \* sweet Bird!  
how sad was thy Fate?) But it seem-  
ed better to him (according to his  
pristine priviledge) to kill his body,  
and renew his mind, then to pine a-  
way with grief six hundred years, and  
therefore (having betaken himself to  
his Nest) surrounded with his preci-  
ous Gums and odoriferous Spices, the  
Sun shining bright and hot, he with  
his wings augmented the heat, whose  
strong Retention kindled his Bed, as  
Boyes do dried leavs with Burning-  
glasses, which soon consumed his nest  
himself, and all to ashes. And

\* The Au-  
thor laments  
the deplora-  
ble condition  
of the Phoe-  
nix.

And least all these sweets should want as sweet a harmony, a numerous troop of Nightingales conspired in one consort, to warble forth the delicacies of their abode; amid this Vale their glided a silver Brook, so gently, that the subtillest eye might gaze verily strictly, and not perceive it, on whose violet bancks grew thick Cypress trees, to keep out Phœbus beams; Here *Pan* and *Faunus*, the Dapper *Driades*, with Madam *Marisco*, Queen of Fairies used to dance the Morris by Moon-light; the bottom of this azure Rivulet was paved with Pearls and Diamonds, which varied their gloss as the gentle breath of Zephire, purled the surface of the stream, and presenting to the eye (like a Steele Glass) the spangled beauties of the Firmament; Dolphins usually deserted the Ocean, to sport in this Pactolian Fountain: Our Champion exceedingly rejoyned, that so happy a harbour proffered it self for his repose; As also, that there was, now, a fair probability of some remarkable Adventure; and therefore clapping *Sote* on the shoulder, Come on,

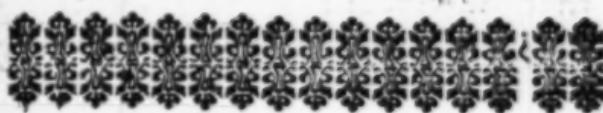
Who  
knows but  
this was  
that very  
Tagus or  
Pactolus so  
famous in  
Poesie.

D

(quoth)

(quoth he) with Roman-like courage, for the Gods, I hope, have appointed me some hungry Lion, or gag-toothed Bear, some deformed Gyant, or male-contented Knight to encounter with here in this Flowery Valley; So putting spurres to his Horse, like another *Alexander* on *Bucephalus*, he made his way into the very entrails of the Grove, at whose dreadfull approach, *Sylvanus* and his shaggy crew fled amaine, and were soon out of sight, to the Champions extream discontent, who would fain have been belabouring any thing that had life; but the \* pleasure of the place soon calmed his spit-fire contemplations, so that he unlaced his Helmet, and unharnessed himself, lying down at the root of an Almond-tree, where (having been kept waking by malignant Fleas almost all the night before) he soon became slave to *Sommus*, the pratling Brook in a pleasing tone chaunting a Dulced Lullabye.

<sup>b</sup> So Han-  
nibal was  
caught with  
the delica-  
cies of Ca-  
pua.



## CHAP. V.

*What Discoveries Zara and his Squire made, wandering up and down the Grove. The Lady Gylo comming thither to disport her self, is encountred by the Champion. His most elegant Couriship. Her Responseion. With other passages.*

Trice happy ZARA, who art thought worthy of that Paradise which the first man forfeited for an Apple; But while the Champion slept, Soto (being surprized with the beauty of the place) was ranging up and down to make discoveries, here Potatoes & ripe Grapes offered themselves to his lips, there Pomegranates and luscious Dates contended which first should salute his goodly-fiz'd grinders; Soto was not nice in acceptation, but gathered greedily of all sorts, returning laden to his magnanimous Lord and Master, who

startled so lowd on his Rosie Cowch,  
that the verdant Grove reverberated  
his garulous repose, while Soto sang  
this Dormitory.

## SONG.

Somnus, O thou Protean God,  
That with woollen shooes art shod,  
Thou that bateſt Trump and Drum,  
Loath'ſt the Cock, but lov'ſt the Combe :  
Grand enemies to Fifes and Forges,  
And the Daughters of Boanerges ;  
Friend to Fishes and to dumb men,  
To ſilent women and to ſome men.  
great God of Caps,  
of nods and naps,  
Clumzey Somnus now prepare-a,  
To rock the ſenes of Don Zara.

Soto had no sooner ended his Epitaph, but the Champions scales fell from his eyes, and he perceived his faithfull servant sitting at his feet, having prepared a Repast after his Repose ; the Champion fed furiously on the Grapes, squeezing bunches of them by the dozen, as if he had ſearched for \*Erigone, and now being sufficiently fated, he arose with a reſolve

\* Bacchus  
his beloved  
a plump  
brown  
Nymph. See  
Cardan de  
ſubtilitate,

ok.i;  
wch,  
rated  
sang

Chap. 5. *DEL FOGO.*

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to explore for flesh, either Goat or Stag, but Nature had not played her paat so profusely, and indeed she had manifested a prodigious prodigallity, had she afforded a Shambles to her Fruiterie : The Champion and *Soto* had not long quested, but they happened on a spacious Cave, situate at the foot of a Cedar, it was a very vast Receptacle, seeming the work of some Sylvan, or Wood-god, for a Nocturnall Repository ; *Soto* was first sensible of the novelty, and gave information thereof to his Master, who commanded him forthwith to enter, but *Soto* gave a modest negation to his Masters mandate ; for, quoth he, who knows but this may be the Mansion of that Geuius which governs this goodly Grot, who being justly incensed at such an intrusion, may metamorphose us into Maples, or some more sordid sort of Fewell : Thou speakest well, quoth *Zara*, but (that thou mayst know thou servest a Master, whose courage is not a whit inferior to the stoutest Champion that ever bore Buckler) I am resolved to enter this Cave were it wall'd with

Dragons, and inhabited with Demons; so unsheathing Kill-za-Cow, he resolutely leapt into the Cave, examining every angle therof, he found it a fit residence for an Errant Knight, yea, and a Lady Errant if occasion commanded it; in all respects most resembling that very Vault which Joseph the son of Goron possessed, when that venerable Quack sold his Brethrens lives (by a Sortilegie) to save his own: Having taken strict notice of its Dimensions, he called Soto to the Caves mouth; Enter, quoth he, (thou sperm of a hen-harted Groom) and make it thy wonder, to survey what a subteranean shelter Fate has allotted us: Soto (though shaken with an Ague fit) confidently enter'd, and seeing no occasion of dread, took heart of grace, insomuch that he hardly refrained upbraid his Master, as guilty of calumny in down-right terms; \* My Lord, quoth he, you are too much an Heretick, if you think your Soto refused to cast himself into this Cave out of any anxious cogitation as to his person, for had it been the very throat of Tartarus, the gullet

\* Soto his Apologie.

of *Gebenna*, or the belly of *Barathrum*, his courage had afforded him a will to any attempt, though supernatural, especially having the great *Hercules* for precedent, who forced the very Fiends to a compliance, & \* brought away *Pluto's* three-headed Porter ; the truth is, it was my piety that persuaded me to forbearance ; I have read Sir those Lay Divines, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Theocritus*, and do believe with them, that \* every Grove, Grot, and Stream has its tutelar and vehicular Deity ; but these obscurities (my Lord) are too deep for your reason, you must sit down with a description, *Periphrasis*, or *Adumbration* ; I say, had it not been impious for me to have rashly rushed upon the Genius of the place : Prithee no more, quoth the Champion, these Puntilloes befit not my observation, let feeble-soul'd *Doradoes* listen to such effeminate Axiomes, I am the Rod of Heaven, a man made to let Mortals know how much that fear'd thing may be indebted to my self, the great and true *Amphibium* ; for thee (*Soto*) I do not much wonder at thy fear, though I hope

\* Witness  
the Aquatick and Te  
restrial An  
gels.

thy converse with me, together with thy strict observation of my Actions, wil render thee after som few months sufficiently Herdick ; Having said thus, he deserted the Cave (with a resolve to rest there that night) and returned to the place where he lately both slept and eat, neer which he beheld the Thunder-crested *Founder-foot* feeding almost to a \* surfeit on the sweet and verdant Grass, which that plat of ground afforded of an incredible height ; Here arrived, he and Soto sat down, resolved to encounter with a second Collation, when they beheld a woman (an infallible Argument, that she was none of the soundest Polititians) plucking Pomgranates, and ripe Oranges, which grew there in abundance ; Soto supposed that some new *Minerva* was dropt from Heaven, or another *Venus* newly born of the brackish waves, had chosen this Grove as the most pertinent place of *Aetheriall Delectation* ; she was cloathed in a rich and sparkling kind of stiffe, woven by \* *Arachnes* fingers, of the finest Calidonian Silk, buttoned before with green *Eme- raulds*,

\* Not but that the Champions Horse was of a moderate temper, but this is spoken by a figure, called *Equo*, intimating what might have happened to a more luxuriant Pal. stay.

\* An eminent spinner.

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Chap. 5. **D E L F O G O**

42

raulds, yet not so close but that those hills of snow, her immaculate breasts were visible, lurking under the shadow of Lawn ; that Globe of blisses her head was covered with a Tyre of green Sarcenet, fringed with blew Flanders Lace, studded with Bristol Saphyres, which (could it be possible) augmented the lustre of her heavenly face, so that she seemed like another

\* *Aphrodite finis'd for the imbraces of Adonis*, or a second *Helen* proud of the *Courtesan*.

lime-hound *Paris* : The Champion (though otherwise too tough for such tender Creatures, having been train'd up in the School of Mars, and not of *Cyprides*) melted before the eyes of this Sunny substance, waxing

\* proud beneath the navell, and in a minute was moulded into a perfect Inamorate ; *Soto* felt the same flames about his heart, but durst not manifest the itching of his soul ; our Champion a long time feasted his eys without speaking (resembling the Statue of *Mark Anthony* gazing on the beauteous Idea of *Cleopatra*) remaining as it were extasie.

\* A Disease called the swelling of the leg. See *Parnelius & Culpepers Legacie*.

*Such*

Such is thy force, O mighty Cupid,  
Thou canst make Mortals dull and stupid,  
And when thy Tyrant pleasure varies,  
Dick is all fire, and Tom all Ayre is ;  
From the Flayle unto the Miter,  
From the Galeon to the Liter ;  
From the Stall unto the Styne,  
Are thy Trophies rais'd on hye.

But at length recollecting himself, he commanded *Soto* to make up to the Lady, and to Complement her in his name : Sir (quoth *Soto*) under your correction, I think it would make more for your Honour, and predict a surer Accomplishment of your wishes, if you accosted her in person, rather then by Proxey ; The Champion could not withstand this Oraculous Incitement ; And therefore willing *SOTO* to wait upon him in the most Ceremonious posture that could be thought on ; hee hasted to the place where this Piece of Divine perfection resided, who seeing (as shee thought) a couple of Champions drawing neer her, began to flie, as in a wild amazement,

ment, but the Knights \* courteous with his comportment perswaded her, that harm could not be intended, where such officious zeale was intimated; Fortifi'd with this resolve, she stood still, expecting the Champions approach, who almost \* out of breath, could not express himself with that fluent Accuracie, which otherwise he had done; but after some respiration, taking her by that moyst Adamant, her Lilly-white hand, he delivered himself very volubly, Thus;

Most fair and beauteous Lady, whose eyes are the Sun and Moon of the Earth, whose face, whose forehead, whose lip, whose hair, whose mouth, whose hand, and whose all, pronounces all other of your Sex, but mere dashes, stroaks, *a la voles*, or at randome, that face was not formed for any beneath the degree of a knight Errant to kneel to; that lip (most fair *Venus*) was not Vermillion'd over for any to kiss, that cannot boast the spoils of War, & the Trophies of Victory; Behold (Natures best Piece) where *Don Zara* (whom Kings have kneel'd to for their lives, and Queens have ob-

Helmet in  
his hand, and  
bowing him  
self often to  
the earth.

\* Being used  
to ride, run,

## DON ZARA

Book. I.

obficated as penfive Lovers) proffrates his Horse, Armour, Sword, Mace, Shield, Servant, and Self at your bright feet, imploring what the moft reſplendent beauties on earth  
 \* have beg'd of him, it is Love moft worshipfull woman that *Don Zara* implores, without which this ſoul of his (though to the whole worlds losſ, if not ruine) muſt forſake its manſion, and your ſelf (all too late) repent your coyness, that has deſtroyed the moft fidelious fighting Servitor that ever laid juſt claime to honourable beauty, and beautifull honour.

*Gylo* (for ſo was the Lady called) knew not what Reſponſion to yield to this facetious Rhodomontado (a Complement not to be paralell'd in any *Grubſtreet Romance*) but at laſt making moft humble obeysance to our Heroe (with cheeks bluſhing like *Aurora*) ſhe anſwered :

Thrice Noble Sir, your manly figure, and ſoul-flaving Oratory, as they command my wonder, ſo they conſtraine me to an ingenuous acknowledgement, that I am no way worthy of your notice, whose won-

der-

\* Meaning a  
retaliatiſon  
of Love. See  
Cupids Meſſe-  
enger. pag.  
1000.

der-working Valour merits a *Minerva* for Mistris, and whose copious elo-  
cation makes *Mercury* ashamed of his  
emptiness; but if the candour of my  
Starres allot me so bounteous a blisse,  
that your honoured self shall think  
I deserve your commands, yonder  
Mansion made of Marble is my abode,  
and in the bowels of that room ador-  
ned with a Balconey do I constantly  
cover my self.

Gylo had no sooner uttered this,  
but lowting low, she and her Maid  
forsook the place, leaving the Cham-  
pion and his Servitour in much a-  
mazement.

## CHAP. VI.

Zara murthers a monstrous Bear, who assaulted him in the Cave : He playes and sings beneath the Lady Gylos chamber Window, and receives a very luckie return of his Love.

Simile.

Joy and wonder (like two opposite winds disturbing the already distractred Ocean) strove for Supremacy in our Champion ; on the one side the Ladies worthiness, on the other side her coyness palfied her brain, so that he remained for a time as one

\* trans-elemented.

\* Meaning transmogrified, or metamorphosed into a Mandrake.

*Such is thy power, O Love,  
such is thy wight,  
When thou surprizest any  
Mortall Wight ;  
Whether Orlando Smith,  
or Oswald Clinker,  
Whether the Great Turk,  
or the brass-fac'd Tinker ;*

Tbox

*I thou mouldest him anew  
in every part,  
And for a pint of Mirth,  
reckon'st a Quart  
Of Sorrow, making a most  
grievous pather ;  
A Pox upon thee,  
and thy Sea-born Mother.*

Soto a long time observed his Lord with a serious look ; but perceiving, that he cared not to put a period to this excruciating extasie, he burst out into a hearty laughter, saying, \* Cu-  
 pids Arrows (I perceive) can pierce the strongest Armour, and supple the most sternest soul, \* as those are the most killing griefs that dare not speak, so (no doubt) those are the most ineffable joyes, that cannot gain utterance : Rejoyce, my Lord, and sing Pæans to the pretty little God, who has thus courteously awarded you : You are the wittiest and best of Servitors, answered ZARA, O I could dye upon her \* Spot, and venture life, or otherwise do more for her dear sake then those famous

\* Sentence upon sentence inserted by the Author, merely for the solace of the sage.

\* Meaning some private mark.

Palla-

Palladines, who were Kinsmen to mad Rowland; Hercules Labours were but a Bakers dozen, mine shall puzzle Arithmetick truly to compute them: She is indeed (quoth Soto) the Metaphysicks of her Sex, the very Rule of Algebra; you are the Jove that must press this Leda, the Endymion that am beloved by this Cyntbia, and the Acrcheses that must enjoy this Venus: I know it (quoth Zara) for didst thou not observe how her colour went and came all the time that I was courting her; and though I say it (that should not) I never in all my life had the happiness of more fluency on so short a warning: Hermes himself (quoth Soto) could not have handled his business better; but Sir, take it from me, \* He that has a woman by the waste, has a wet Eele by the tayle; And they hate delayes as much as they abominati debility: What wouldst thou have me to do (quoth the Don ?) shal we presently visit her; not so soon Sir, quoth Soto, you know that providence has provided us a place of rest, you may well waste this night in contemplation of her Excellencies, and to mor-

\* An Axiome  
borrowed of  
Cato.

now, ere the fleet hours shall have harnessed Phœbus fiery Horses, we will bid her Bon jour at her Balconey, by which time (if the Muses favour me) we will be provided with an amorous Canticle, Rival to best of \* Petrarch's, Sidney, or Ronard; onely the Alcean Lyre will be wanting, but that our Voyces shall supply, (\* for the silent note which Cupid strikes, is far sweeter then the sound of any Instrument) celebrating her beauty, and inciting to the Paphian pleasure. Thou art my better Genius, quoth Zara, and halfe share my Fortunes, this was excellently well thought on, and can not but exceedingly take.

\* A most excellent Italian Bas-lad-maker.

\* See Tom Dales Aphorisme, Tome 9. sect 12. Apho 15.

*Approach thou silent Night,  
mother of Rapes,  
And dreary ruine,  
friend to Owles and Apes;  
Fly, fly, ye winged hours  
with edger motion;  
And bring the chearfull day  
from forth the Ocean,  
Father of life and light,  
when thou appearest,  
I le take my rise,  
resorting to my dearest.*

## DON ZARA Book I.

I have often heard (quoth Soto) that Love can inspire the most insipid; now I have proofe, my Lord, that you are a very Lover, witness this polite Poeticall passion, but the Night-Raven (Sir) has chanted her Vespers, and Madam Nox has already hung her curtain over the Hemisphere, let us convey our selvs to our Coneave, quoth Zara, and summon Somnus to a peacefull parley: I have, said Soto, furnished our Pavillion with a bed of the best Mofs, and the trunk of an Alder tree for a pillow: Thou art in all things excellent, quoth Zara; but now for the contrivance of our Ode: Let me alone for that, quoth Soto,\* Ile kick the Mount to Attoms, swill up Hellicon, ravish the Nine, and break Apollo's Fiddle about his pate, but Ile Rant in most magnificent Miter; Ile warrant the Lady is your own, if (which we have cause to guess) she be one of Minerva's Maids of Honour: This said, they departed to their hollowed Mansion, and taking their Cowch, on a sudden became speechless, when Fortune, the professed enemy to worth, appointed them a very dange-

\* See John Clevelands Refolvs, Poem 22.

Book. i  
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danger-

Chap. 6. *DEL FOGO.*

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dangerous Adventure, for the flye Sergeant *Morphens* had no sooner ar-  
rested their fences, but the proper  
owner of the place, a Bear as black as  
blackness it self, as fell as an Hyrcan-  
ian Tyger, entered the Cave (as was  
her wonted guize) with a resolve to  
rest her self there that night, but find-  
ing uncouth Inmates, she gave so loud  
a roar, that the Grove echoed the  
Thunder of her throat; This yelling  
Allarum soon beat up the Champi-  
ons Quarters, and he awaked in much  
distraction, giving *Soto* (though acci-  
dently) so sound a thump on the  
brest with his \* foot, that he cryed <sup>4</sup> Whether  
out as he had bin broke on thewheel;  
by this time the Bear had bitten our  
Champion quite thorow the calfe of  
his left leg, which made him roar *more*  
audibly then this beast of prey enter-  
ing the Cave: *Soto* mean time (like  
a hardy Squire) strenuously assaulted  
this wild creature with his Jayelin,  
but found his hide too tough for pe-  
netration, and such was the mockery  
of Fate, that the Champion had not  
opportunity to unsheathe his Sword  
so that his face was scratched and sca-

rif'd, as his leg was bruiz'd and wounded, no quarter from head to foot was free; was it not time then for the Champion and *Soto* to lay about them, for this hairy Monster fought not to gain honour, but to al-lay hunger.

The pious  
Author pit-  
ifully be-  
moans the  
bad condi-  
tion of Za-  
ra.

\* Ah Zara, Zara, had I my wish, some God should turn thee into a Sheep, or Goat, nay rather then fail into an Ass, to escape this vile visitation, then thus be taken like a tame Beast in thy own Den.

Yet at last despight of Destiny he forced out *Kil-za-Cow*, and with one single thrust pierc't through the skin ribs, and rif'f of this sawcie Savage, cleaving her heart who giving a deep groan, becam exanimate: This Conquest being so happily atchieved, the Champion (with *Soto*'s aide) disburthened the Cave of this rough creature, whose length (by London measure) was no less then six yards, and whose head the Champion immediatly severed from the unwieldy Trunk, hanging it on the top branch of a Beech Tree, as a Tropheyn consecrate

to Nemesis and *Astrea*, engraving this  
Distich about the Boile.

Apollo, Python flew,  
which was no Bear-a,  
The Monster own'd this head,  
was slain by Zara.

But the wounds and scratches late-  
ly received, were not so irksome to  
our Champion, as the sorrow he un-  
derwent to be maimed at such a time  
by this beast of *Mars*, when he had  
wholly devoted himself to *Venus*, yet  
such was the ardency of his affection,  
that \* he resolv'd to visit his Mistris  
with the morning ;

O true and unparalleld Amorist,  
worthy the Pen of another Parker !  
Others if but prickt with Eglantine,  
or Phlebotomiz'd with the Guardi-  
ans of Roses, think themselfs suffi-  
ciently excused for not doing that De-  
voyre to their Mistresses which *Cupid*  
commands ; but he, though creeping  
on hand and crupper, will not fail  
to complement his fair one, and who  
knows but the compassionate Gods  
may reward this admirable Ardour,

\* Though  
one of his  
supporters  
had been  
hacks off.  
well layes  
the Adage,  
Love will  
halt where  
it cannot  
go.

with the miraculous cure of his wounds, without the aide of *Machaon* or *Podalyrius*.

The Olympick powers, said Soto, have manifested their care of your courageous carcass (thrice Noble and redoubted Heroe) in that they guided your good Sword to so homie a thrust when in all probability you had been manducated by that Monster, who now remains headless; the fightless Deity does alwayes file their names, whom he thinks worthy to wage war under his Banner with blood; But I too long neglect to apply some healing herb to your yawning wound: Having said this, Soto arose, and searching about the Groye for some \* sanitating Simple; he at last lighted upon that (Hell-envied, Heaven-guarded) weed, called \* *Morsus Diaboli*, which he gently cropped, chaunting a Canticle to *Tellus*, and resorting to his maimed Master, squeezed the juice thereof into his wound, and then applying the leaf it self, bound it about with the rind of a Mulberry Plant, which gave him present ease, and occasioned his Benizon on solicitous

Soto:

\* For the better understanding of this word Dr. Teig's *Praxis Medicinae* zilo, p. 60000

\* See Celsius Recantation, pag. 221.

Chap. 6. *DEL FOGO.*

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Soto : By this time *Aurora* was visible in the East, clad in her purple Robe ; *Eous* began to shake his fiery Main, neighing so loud, that *Sol* (\* who had slept with *Tbetis* all that night) sate upright in his watry bed, and after a yawn or two, took his scourge in his hand ; the Champion and *Soto* therefore immediately set forward on their amorous enterptize, and were under the Balconey, where our war-like *Lander* expected his Lilly-handed *Hero* ere the Sun was warm in his Throne ; for some minutes they diligently listned if they might hear any body stir, but neither jarre of Clock, nor the hoarce hum of any drowzie Groan to be heard, all things buried in so profound a silence, as if the God of dreams had here pitcht his Pavillion. Begin the Hynn, quoth *Zara*, the Canzonet that must give my Goddess the Alarum of love, my self will help to bear the burthen ; then *Soto* having opened his Organ pipes with a Peganian hem, began to warble the following Song :

E 4

SONG.

## SONG.

1.

A Rise thou true Aurora from thy East,  
 too long (good faith) thou keepst thy nest  
 Zara's no Incubus,  
 Nor thou a lazy Sun,  
 That thou art tardy thus,  
 thy Champions ready with his spear in rest  
 Ambo.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,  
 Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

2.

Cupid (alas) does suck my best blood out,  
 I drop at heart as old wives drop at snout,  
 No Brescian Bear loves boney,  
 Or down-chin'd Miser money,  
 Better then I thy Con——  
 appear, bright saint, and cure my amore  
 And let the turn-pikes, &c. [Gow]

3.

Love has not onely drove his Peg  
 Through my heart, but through my leg,  
 After such dire assault,  
 Here do I make a halt,  
 for I was n're yet shun'd by Doll or Meg  
 Let then the Turn-pikes, &c.

Thoug

## 4.

*Though (Mars appointing so) I'm fram'd  
of Iron,*

*And that strong bars of steel my flesh in-  
viron,*

*Though strung with stubborn wire,  
I melt in thy Coal-fire,*

*Cupids strong Cuirassiere*

*I am, then glorious Girl put thy Attire on.*

*Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.*

## 5.

*Be thou my Sea-born Venus, I will be  
Thy Mars, thy Vulcan (I go limpingly)*

*Let me view thy silken Dog,*

*(Able to vanquish Gogmagog,)*

*I'll be thy Ape, be thou my clog,  
to live, and not be lov'd, is misery.*

*Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.*

## 6.

*Let's laugh, and leave this world behind,  
And procreate till we are blind,*

*That Gods may view,*

*With a Dildo-doe,*

*What we bake, and what we brew,  
yet our intrinsick fervour never find.*

*Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,  
Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.*

They

They had no sooner finished their Ditty, but behold Madam Gylo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her haire bound up in a carnation Cawl, which excellently became her) appeared (like another Juliet ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the Battlements, bearing in her hand a Pewter Vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the Spider, she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champions reception, and it appears (\* if there be any truth in Tradition) it was the Ladies Ordure to precipitate any excrementious substance from that very window: The Champion and Soro greatly rejoiced to see this morning Star irradiate that Horizon, but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their eares unguent with warm water, well lanted with a viscuous Ingrediente; the Lady having accomplished her Atchievement, returned to her place of rest, leaving Zara and Soro in the wildest wonder; nor let any (seeming) Solor tax their extasie, for even Aleides

\* See Alber.  
sus Ajax, de  
Modo Cacan  
di. Tome 10.

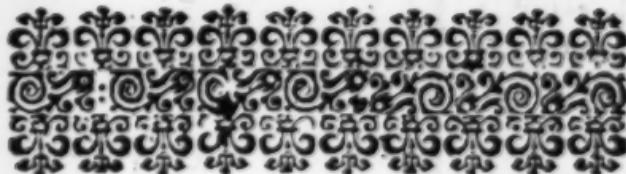
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or Achilles had been the same sad ones, had Briseis or Omphale practised the like Complement; but after they had a long time busied their (new wrunged) eyes with gazing one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds, and perceiving the Lady had left them, without probability of return, they (without speaking one to another, so vast was their amazement) retired to their Grove, their faces full of the ostents of shame and dolour.

*End of the First Book.*

Don



## Don Zara del Fogo ; *The second Book.*

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### CHAP. I.

Zara's passionate Complaint against  
the Lady Gylo, and all her Sex in gene-  
all. Soto mitigates his ire, they travell  
to Mount Mongibell, where he is munifi-  
ciently treated by Lamia the Witch.

¶ Eturned to their earth-wal'd  
Cittadell, the Champion  
R and Soto (like penitent Pil-  
grims) entered their Cave,  
hardly refraining to be-  
dew each others Aspects with briny  
drops ; Soto was the first that broke  
silence, who taking his Master by that  
hand made to pull up mighty Oaks,  
and pound prodigious Monsters and  
tyran-

tyrannous Tytans to attoms,\* Let not my Lord, said he, tollerate this sourse of sorrow and griping grief to overwhelm him; we cannot, Sir, expound this ænigma,\* *Edipus* himself durst not enter the lists against this Sphynx, who knows but it may be the custome of this country for Ladies to treat their Lovers in this method; \* *Womens actions are like their Wombs, not to be fathomed*; but we have no Oracle to resort to, no Temple of *Ammon* or *Cumeian* Cave; for my part, I believe the Lady whom you are so vexed at, is of too noble and generous a temper to welcom her Votarist with an affront, besides she seems no *Pentheleæ*, no *Camilla*, or *Eritomart*, that she should think her self of sufficient strength to Bulwark her Mansion, and all within from the Batt'ry of just vengeance, in case your warlike self should vow a devastation, there is therefore some Hyerogliphicall Catastasis to be expected of this matter. Thou art (said the Champion a Traytor to my Honour, and a betrayer of that Repute which I have hitherto retain'd despite of Envy; Dost thou think this could be

\* *Solo his Oration.*

\* A Cunning man or a teller of Fortunes; this was he who told the old Earl of Essex that his Mistres should make him headless.

\* Sentence.

\*An Axiome Quip; \* Love though be be blind can borrowed of Lycophron. smell, and though thy fence and scent have forsaken thee at once, yet know that *Zara* cannot be deluded into a dull Heresie; henceforth I will abjure the thought of that nefarious Nitro-sulphureous Sex, I will finde some Countrey where it shall be Felony to acknowledge I ever lookt upon a woman, and high Treason to say I had a Mother; let who will protect their persons, bolster up their beauties, cringe to their commands, and dye to do them service; Give me my Arms, I will instantly demolish this crazy Castle, and put all its Tenants to the Sword, not sparing this very woman, this vile woman, who has most egregiously abused the truest and Noblest Servant that ever laid leg over Lady.

*Soto* perceiving that the Hemisphere being so strangely clouded, storms and tempests must inevitably ensue, fell upon his knees, imbracing \* the calves of the Champions legs, beseeching him for his sake (his fidelious servant *Soto*) to mitigate his justly conceived displeasure, and

\* The more to win upon him; this kind of posture was used by all suppliants of old. See Cottens Concord lib. 20. p. 30.

and not to destroy whole Families  
for the foolish perpetration of one  
whose ignorance (as to his person  
and parts) might somewhat excuse  
her crime ; and though it be true  
(said Soto) that in all Comedies more  
know the Clown , then the Clown  
knows, and though your Fame fill  
the Universe, this Lady yet may be  
one of those whose eares have not  
fuckt in the report : For thy sake,  
said the Champion, I will spare these  
wretches, and inhume my intended  
Revenge ; I confess I had been too  
bloody but for thee ; thus the Pelean  
Youth was perswaded by his Patroclus  
to wire-draw the Fate of Troy ; I do  
acknowledge my self a sworn servant  
to that sweet Sex, and (if with Neop-  
tolemus) I had sacrificed this foolish  
Female to Rhamnusia, I could not have  
expiated the giddy crime without a  
tedious journey to Paphos ; But let us  
leave this place, the Genius whereof  
(it seems) is an utter enemy to Errant  
Knighthood , he then mounted his  
prancing Palfrey, who fed not far off,  
putting on his shining Armour, and  
enveloping his head with a Cap of  
steel ;

steel; Soto (having first replete his Crib with ripe Dates, Almonds, and other fruits) had soon harnessed himself, and attended the motion of his Master, whose fretting soul occasioned the galling of *Founder-foots* sides, and Soto's sweat, for the Knight rode as some would run for their lives, like such another *Hotspur* as *Astolpho*, or *Rogero*, posting away from *Logestilla*; and how long this eager mood would have held him, Heaven knows, if his eyes had not clapt plummets upon his heels, when he beheld a \* Mountain of an incredible altitude, for (like *Atlas* and *Lympus*) its head was hid in Clouds for many leagues upward, out of whose torrid entrails flaks of fire (accompanied with most \* hideous noyse) took flight to Heaven, towring in the troubled Ayre like so many ruin-portending Comets; these were no sooner vaded, but (with the same Thunder as before) stones farre bigger then those belonging to Meal-Mills, wer ejected with horrible frangours, able to have astonished any Mortal save *Zara*, who all un-moved, beheld this flaming heap, being a

\* Read Sir  
John Man-  
devils Geo-  
graphy, 140.  
And Purchas.  
Pilgrimage,  
Tome 100  
Tract. 10000.

\* Perhaps the  
howlings of  
damned souls

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great Naturall, and well versed in Pliny, and *Albertus Magnus*, but yet he would not dare his Destiny by an over-hasty intrusion to neer the skirts of this voluminous Excrecence, whose hiew were enough to perswade some that *Tellus* has formerly been a profound Tipler, and (to the immortal honor of good Fellowship) wears a rich face. The Champion had not long contemplated the mysterious, and not to be resolved \* Riddles that trackless Nature exhibits, but he perceived a Cot (not thatcht, but covered over with blue slate, the outward walls seeming all of shining Glass, yet notwithstanding more hard then iron) on his left hand in an humble Valley, that lay about half a league from this fiery Mountain, \* as if this lowly Grot would teach aspiring mankind, that to be safe is to shun the Mountains heights of greatnes, a thick smoak issued out of the top of this tenement, the infallible symptome of some Hospitable Inhabitant, hither our Champion addressed himself, with a resolve to rest for some minutes, but knocking at the door with the pum-

\* See Ari-  
stotles Pro-  
blems, Eras  
Pater, and  
unheard of  
Curiosities.

\* Sentence  
borrowed  
out of  
Greens  
groatsworth  
of w.t.p.10.

mell of his Sword, and calling to those (in all probability) within, he received no answer, onely the courteous door of it self opened, as inviting him to enter, which he did, *Soto* following him; the first thing he beheld was a kind of Pen, or puncé Prison, but far stronger then those the Brittish Shepheards immure their Flocks in, in it were included a great number of

\*These were  
once very  
proper men,  
but now  
Metamor-  
phosed by  
this Circe  
into Beasts,

(seeming) \* Dogs, Wolvs, Badgers, Foxes, Apes, and Monkeys, who upon the Champions approach manifested all the signs of Amity, the Dogs wagged their tayles and friskt upon him, the Wolvs lickt his hands, the Badgers crouched at his feet, the foxes (throwing away all the wiliness) became his real suppliants; Apes danced antick merrily to make him mirth, & the Monkeys (in the language of the face and the eye) made many protestations of sincere service: *Zara* was something amazed at this strange (yet auspicious) entertainment from creatures whom he had never before conuers'd with: what would have amazed others, animated him; and that which ~~so~~ others had been \* *Lajis*, to him

to was Helens potion ; nor was he so  
bestial, but to take notice of the cour-  
tesie of these creatures whom he com-  
plemented peculiarly, with so win-  
ning a garb, that though Oratory  
were wanting, their silence spake  
more then some could have uttered  
with all the ornaments of Rhetorical  
Elocution : Passing these, he came to  
a door which he found fast lockt, but  
peeping thorow the Key-hole, he per-  
ceived where a Lady of excellent  
beauty was fitting by a fire made of  
the roots of Fir, sorting heaps of  
herbs, a Girdle (borrowed from the  
head of a *Hyena*) full of Magical Cha-  
racters about her waste, her Rod,  
Staff, and other implements of Sorcery  
stood by her on a Table of Abster-  
five Ebony, and about her head (with  
such a noyse of Bees commonly make  
when they conglomerate) flew milli-  
ons of \* Batts, Dorrs, & Butter-flyes :  
This Lady was no other then the En-  
chantress *Lamia*, a woman insatiately  
luxurious, insomuch that no Travel-  
ler that way, of what degree or con-  
dition soever, could escape her; those  
that refus'd to accompany her, she

\* These were  
Devils no  
doubt, who  
Complement-  
ted Lamia  
in such  
shapes See  
Bodin de  
Bullibus  
lib. 9.

immediately turned into beasts, appointing them perpetuall captivity; this wicked Witch knowing by her Art, that *Don Zara* should about this time visit Mount Mongibell; she (as was her constant manner upon the like occasion) transformed her self (at other times a meer Mægera, the very Emblem of deformity, and the compendium of a Chaos) into a most beauteous shape; *Don Zara* must be the *Ulysses* whom this *Circe* will admit to her imbraces, and now perceiving his approach, she commandied her ill-mannered door to give him ingress, and her self rising from her Chair gave him that welcom which denoted the high esteem she had of him; her Menial Train (which were all \*Statues of Marble, bearing the figures of untoucht Virgins) yielded him homage; an Ivorie Chair of its own accord branching it self beneath his buttocks, where he was no sooner seated, but a Table richly furnished with rare Vyands and sweet Wines opposed it self to his view, the Marble bodied Maidens waiting obsequiously and filling forth the Wipe with much agility.

\* These  
Damsels  
were crea-  
sed by De-  
dales, whose  
Statues (as  
Plato af-  
firms would  
walk and  
shew many  
fine tricks.

Chap. I. DEL FOGO.

agility. *Soto* (at the appointment of the Chantress) sat down also, but he who had noted the gogling of his eyes (roving up and down as if he meant to muster all the varieties in the room) would have concluded him a Puppet, whose every part found motion upon wire : The Champion as was his usuall guize fed rapaciously, and so gave *Lamia* good hope of his strenuous activity when *Venus* should make proof of his procreative part ; the eating humour being over (grasping a vast Goblet in his hand, whereon was pourtrayed the History of *Io*, being turned into a white Cow, the great Jupiter Bulling her) he drank a deep health to the Inchantresse ; Most excellent Lady, I now celebrate your Highness health with as true a heart as ever I came from Schooles. This said, he exhausted the steeple Bowl with such vigorous velocity, that *Lamia* could not but be astonished at the worthinesse of the man : Sir, quoth she, you are Master of all those wayes that win most upon us women ; but I cannot but wonder at the bravery of your braine that can

brook such torrents as these: Sweet Lady, quoth the Champion, I always drink with the same courage that I use to cleave those Helms that are thought Thunder-proof.

[in't,  
Fill me a Bowl, that I may bathe my head  
And rise like Phœbus in the East,  
Shaking my dewy locks —

This said, he kist the Inchantress with such ardency, as he wou'd have eaten her lips off, who very patiently permitted him to dwell upon those Twin-Cherries, and sometimes to practise what good Rogero and Alcyna once experimented, when their Tongues became insoul'd, as Sampson's Foxes were inchain'd.

## CHAP. II.

Soto courts Lapida. *The Inchantress turns him into a Horse. She raises the Ghost of Hercules, whom Zara encounters with, and is knockt down. He is extremely enraged, but at length appeased by Lamia, who recreates his senses with many rare sports and pastimes.*

While his Master was thus Billing, it had been shame for Soto to sit as a Mute, or whistle upon his thumbs ends, when so many beauteous Objects (as it were) offered themselves to his embraces; therefore (after Solemnization of the Health) he rose up, and addressed himself to *Lapida* (the fairest and most portly of all the Attendant Nymphs) \* Most pellucid Paragon, quoth hee, whose Fulgor famishes the Fame of *HERO*, *HELEN*,

or Hebe; vouchsafe most illustrious morsell of Maids flesh, to accept of Squire Soto his service, chief Chamberlain and sole Secretary to the magnanimous and munificent *Don Zara del Fogo*, whose body and soul shall cringe to thy commands; *Lapida* returned him no answer, save what her Virgin blushes afforded, which animated Soto to a nearer approach, folding his sinewy arms about her slender waste, and clinging close to her coral lips, which occasioned many mops and mowes from the other Marble Maidens, and caused *Lapida* to desert his desired imbraces with a cloudy brow: *Soto* being thus shaken off, returned to his quondam station, finding his Master in deep discourse with the Inchantress, who (at his request) informed him, That (those her Hand-Maids vvere the legitimate issue of *Pigmalion*, vvhom (though the ancient Bards knew it not) the compassionate Gods (pitying *Pigmalions* sufferance) graciously trans-elemented, furnishing her with the finest flesh, and all other Feminie endowments.

I perceive Madam (said *Zara*) that  
your

\* *Pigmalion* proved to have had issue by his Marble Missis, a rare piece of antiquity, hitherto not made publick.

your bright self can bring marvelous things to pass by your occult perpetrations, I vvas once so bewitcht than I could not shite, till two or three Candls ends were thrust up —; Pray Madam, give your servant to know what miraculous things may be effected by Inchantments: I will not hide from thee (my dearest Zara) said the Soceres,\* that by the potency of my Spells, and Incantations, I can take off the top of St. Marks Steeple in Venice, and clap it upon St. Peters in Rome, I can contract the Elements, and (but that I would not destroy this goodly Mass of thing<sup>s</sup>) jumble all to its originall Chaos; I can seclude Æolus and his sons in a Hawking-bag, I can turn the tide of *Tygris* or *Nyle*, cloath the Earth with Flowers, the Trees with leavs, & the Fields with verdure; in the midst of winter I can call down *Luna* when I list from her sphere, give life to the dead, and death to the living; Metamorphose men into beasts, and beasts into men; cause Thunder and Lightning, Blasting and Mildews, Storms and Tempests, Earth-quakes & Water-quakes,

\* The Inchantress doth declare what wondrous things may be done by Witchcraft; a fine story, and undoubtely true, having been an Article of faith in all former Ages, and believed by very wise men of our time.

demol-

demolish the stoutest Structures by Land, and the goodly Vessels by Sea with a nod : having thus spoken, she called *Soto* unto her, and taking *Zara* by the hand, she said, That thou maist have prooef of my abilities, and that thou art respected by her who can countermand the councels of the Gods, behold the transmutation of thy Squire; With that, rising up, she waived her Wand three times over *Soto*'s scull, thrice she turned unto the East, & as many times unto the West, mumbling over some mysterious Mat-tens, till *Soto* by degrees \* was tran-shaped into a goodly Steed, who shaking his crested man, and pawing on the pavement, neighed aloud, like another *Phobos* or *Dimos*, insomuch that the Champion (had not the love he bare to his servant overcome his hasty wishes) could have been contented that *Soto* should haue continued in that shape, *Founder-foot* being turned to grass to the wide world: *Soto* had not long proved himself a perfect prauincing Palfray, but the courteous Inchantress restored him to his pristine shape, to the Champions exceeding

\* *Soto's Mer-morphosis.*

ding contentment, but to Soto's extreme dejection, who never after that could (faithfully) fancy himself any other save a very beast: This business over, the Inchantress willing to delight the Champion, demanded of him which of the ancient Worthies (*Goliab, Judas Maccabeus, &c.*) he had most mind to behold; I would fain feast my eyes, quoth he, with perusing the person of that monster-taming *Hercules*, the son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, he that made no more of a Lion than of an *Izeland Cur*, who wielded Mountains as Pibbles. drew *Cacus* out of his Den by the heels, and demolished mighty Cities with a flip of his finger: The Champion had scarce spoke, but a Tree sprang up, \* whose top almost touched the Clouds, its broad branches were laden with Apples of Gold, most radiant to the eye, about whose body a Dragon (of an un-measured greatness) twined it selfe, evomorating flames of fire mingled with hail-stones of an incredible magnitude, *Hercules* had soon vanquished the Dragon, wrything his neck with as much dexterity,

\* By this it appears that the Roof was not vaulted.

DO N ZARA Book.2.

terity as a Poulterer would spoil the cackling of a Brittish Hen : the Champion (though dehorted from it by the Inchantress) would needs salute this noble Shade, but received a very rough return of his Congratulation ; for *Alcides* very rudely smote him on the head with his huge Club, so that he sank to the ground as dead, wallowing up and down, as their manner is, who are suddenly surprized with fits of the Mother, or (*Hercules* his own disease) the Falling-sickness ; *Alcides* having done this scathe, slipt away very slyly, leaving the Champion (almost soul-less) sprawling upon the Floor : *Soto* was in an extream Agony for his Master : *Lamia* was grieved and her Hand-Maids heavie, but the Inchantress soon recovered him by watering his Visnomy with her warm Urine (the customary way (it seems) of that Countrey to revive the enfeebled) which not onely illuminated his dim eyes, but circumgyring about his weasand, enforced him to a manly neese, so that within a little time (to their great comfort) he sate up, calling for some

Wine,

Wine, which being brought, he drank a hearty draught to the Inchantress, though one might perceive (with half an eye) wrath and disdain in Capitall Characters on his front; which *Lamia* perceiving, administered this Julep to allay his fiery Choller.

Sir, quoth she, I perceive your soul sits heavy on its strings (wounded with dolour for *Hercules* his rigid contumacie, and that your heart has entered into Covenant with your hands (justly enraged to be shakken in pieces by a shaddow) to inflict a sudden and Severe Revenge; but know (most redoubted Champion) that Spirits are of a substance altogether impenetrable, and your anger cannot dilate it self to a deserved punishment; how much did I dehort you from so dangerous att Attempt; but the best on't is, your Sun-like Fame caunot be Ecclipsed by this Interpositon; for you were not felled by a Gyant, but a Goblin; by a Don, but a Demon; not by *Achilles*,  
but

but by *Alcides* himselfe; O Heaven,  
said the Champion (pointing to  
the place where he was knockt down)  
that what neither man nor Monster  
durst to have put in practice, should  
be consummated by a paleye Spectre,  
a subterranean shade, and ayerie Incu-  
bus; O *Alcides*, that thy soul were in  
flesh, that I might grasp thy Gygan-  
tick bulk betwixt my mighty arms;  
thou shouldst finde me no \* *Anteus*, or  
*Achelous*; but I powr out my plaints  
to the vacant Ayre, and fruitlesly  
deplore a helpless ill. *Lamia* (whose  
privie parts melted in the Paphian  
fire) purposing to put a period to  
the good Knights grief, by the potent  
vigour of her *Theffalian* Art, called  
up the Ghosts of \* *Orpheus* and *Am-  
phion*, who playing upon their hea-  
venly Harps, made most dulcid me-  
lody; Then entered *Flora*, accom-  
panid with a drove of *Dryades* (clad  
in green, their heads encircled with  
Flowery Anademis) who hand in  
hand danced the Spanish way, to the  
Champions unspeakable Content-  
ment; By this time the Sunne was  
sunk

\* Two sturdy  
Wrestlers.

\* Two fa-  
mous Fids  
&c.

Chap. 27 DEL FOGO.

29

sunk neer his Evening Region, to  
*Glaucus* infinite joy, who thought  
each minute an Age, till she had  
tasted those Oily sweets (which she  
resolved to retaliate with Amber-  
Suds) that every Errant Knight pro-  
strates at the Port-Cullis of his Pa-  
ramour.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

Lamia and the Champion are transported through the Ayre in a Chariot drawn by two flying Dragons, to the Vale of Vassalage. The manner how Witches wed themselves to the Devil. They visit Charons house, where they find his Wife Fatua at her Huswifery. Charons Canticle. They pass over the River Styx, comming to the very gates of Barathrum, where they hear Pluto's Proclamation.

Lamia lay naked in her Bed,  
and Zara's self lay by,  
Upon his flesh she fiercely fed,  
more sweet then Pork or Pye, &c.

Our Champion and his beauteous Mistris were no sooner secluded in the silken walls of a rich bed, but he performed those rites due to those twin-Goddesses, *Concupiscentia* and *Cytherea*, while Soto (like a faithfull Squire)

Squire) accommodated Founder-foot with Fodder, and other conveniences, hanging up his Master Armour, his Sword, Mace, and other Martiall properties (as he hoped) in the Acanall of Janus; for though Soto could willingly brook the brunt of a Bickering, the fatallity of a Fight, and the consternation of a Combat, yet he was no foe to a tranquillious subsistence, no peace-hater, or profest enemy to \* Comus: Having disposed of all things most methodically, he departed to his bed with much grieve (Heaven knows) that what his Master presidèd, could not be his example.

<sup>4</sup> Soto's Log e.

\* A famous fat Cook, canonized by Pope Sylvester the 2<sup>2</sup> after he had bin worshipped many ages b<sup>t</sup> the Greeks with divine Honours. See Cooks Inst. Tome 30. p. 1001.

Return we now to our thrice-Renowned Knight, and his Spel-charming Associate, the courteous *Lamia*, who having reciprocally recreated themselvs almost to a surfeit, suffered *Somnus* to make prize of their senses, Doing causes Drowsiness: But they had not slept six hundred minutes ere *Lamia* call'd to mind, what till then was slipt from her memory, viz. the hour of meeting her Sisterhood in the Vale of *Vassalage* (so called, for that

in this swarthy Grot the Inchantress  
and her co-partnrrs did Homage to  
the King of Flames) she threw her  
self out of the bed with such violence,  
that the Champion awaked, and de-  
siring his Dear to give him the cause  
of her so impetuous arrisall ; she an-  
swered, My dear Servant, it is no time  
now to use prolix Narrations, please  
to desert the bed, you shal soon know  
the cause why I left you. *Zara* (who  
was now as true a Lover as ever offe-  
red Incense to *Aphrodite*) soon obeyed  
his Mistris commands, and was pre-  
sently (as already she had served her  
self) Anointed from head to foot  
with an Unguent, whose favor might  
aptly be compar'd to that \*Chymical  
Dew extracted from the dung of an  
Infant ; this done, they adorned their  
bodies with the same weeds worn the  
day before, and then *Lamia* (having  
girded her Magicall Cincture about  
her waste) approached the Hearth  
where (by the wondrous operation of  
her Art) the fire was never extincl  
the immortall Flame deriving its po-  
digree from that Cælestiall un-extin-  
guishable Brand which was born be-

\* Oleum  
turdidam  
Infantium.  
See Culpep-  
pers Dispen-  
satory, p. 105

fore the mighty *Darius*, when he march'd against little great *Alexander*, to make proof which of them two merited the Worlds moytie; Into this fire she flung a great many poysonous Weeds, which (with a rusty knife) she had lately cropped on Mount *Caucasus*, and other Cambrian Promontories before the break of day; to this she added \* the entrails of those ominous Birds, the Owl and hoars Night-Raven, blended with red *Storax*, and the blood of a Lapwing, the shavings of a Shooing-horn, the feathers of a Salamander, the cry of a Mandrake, and the tongue of a Jews-Harp; this done, she entred her Orbicular Goale (taking the Champion with her, who stood trembling all the time, and let none marvell if the most Magnanimous man living be appalled at the approach of Devils, there being no greater Antipathy to be imigined, then between a terrestriall substance, and an Inhabitant of *Orcus*) making the very basis of this vast Ball to totter with her first Accents, repeating this coercive Charm:

\* See Doctor  
Lambs A.  
phonims.  
lib 2 tract.  
17. Aphos,  
2000000.

\* The Reader must take heed that he read not this Charm ei-ther in private with his face East by North when the winds are high, or after Sun-set.

\* Great Heccate, Re~~tress~~e of shades; Plashey Grots, and gloomy Glades.

Neptunes never-failing Friend, Whom Night-Goblins do attend:

Flitting from their Ponds and Lakes, From myrie Boggs, and thorny Brakes.

By whose beams (when Sol's away) Span-long Infants sport and play.

By the Lapland Hagg's hoars hum, And great Demogorgons Drum.

By the Mandrakes killing cry, And the Owls harsh melody.

By Alecto's Snaky Twine, And the Tyre of Proserpine.

By fiery Phlegeton and Styx, And Puck-Hayrits Genetrix.

Left I ding thee down to Hell  
(By the vigour of my Spell)

Ayde, O ayde my great desires,  
By those ever-wandering Fires,

That lead Travailers astray  
All the night, till break of day,

This potent, and never-equall'd Incantation (dangerous to be uttered by the Reader in an audible tone) was no sooner uttered by the Inchantress, but it tonitruated horribly, fulminating promiscuously from all parts of the troubled Hemisphere, the Earth was shaken with an Ague fit, huge Oaks were torn up by the roots, and stong Structures levell'd with the ground, when behold a Chariot (seeming all of fire) drawn by a couple of Comets in the shapes of Dragons, received *Lamia* and the Champion, who travail'd through the ayr till they came ro the Vale of *Vassalage*, where allighting, they found the mighty Monarch of *Gebenna*(\* his bulk like some huge Mountain horned like a Goat, his feet resembling Serpents, two rowes of Teeth, each longer then the Mast of a Ship,) sitting beneath a Cypresse Tree, to whose Trunk (as his manner alwayes was) he turned his prodigious face, allowing all, or most part of

\* The de-  
scription of  
the Devil,  
according  
to the fre-  
quent con-  
fessions of  
Witches &  
Sorcerers.

his back parts only to be kissed, which  
all there (with most humble obey-  
fance) saluted, and then with a joyn-

\* The same Acclamation (crying \* Har, Har,) the  
with that of Nasquil, de they: joyned in an Antick Dance, ed  
legibus.lib. which finished, each Sorceress had the irra-  
30 claw a Churle (i.e. fruitation of her Incubus, Lamia not my  
the Devil) by the Arse he'l shite in your hand. they sat down to feast, the Earth Ayr,  
and Seas being plundred of its Inha- of  
bitants, to satiate these Sorcerous the  
wretches; the Champion (who ne Bee-  
ver gave his Teeth cause to curse his an  
Tardity) fed with the formost, but the  
spight was, the eating time being o ring  
ver, he could not mix with the rest in bot  
the Coranto; for the truth was, ou the  
Champions Parents were no Courti stru-  
ers, nor himself ever acquainted with legs  
the nice Puntilloes of Kings Pallaces feet  
All being vanished on a sudden, ou cou  
Knight and Lamia were left alone titu  
who preparing to take Coach in or par  
der to their Journey homeward, th cy;  
couragious Don grasping his Misty past  
Snowy hand, thus divul'd himself:

So many and so great (most melli  
true fluou

which  
obey,  
joyne  
Har,) )  
ance;  
ad the  
a no  
irred  
this  
Ayn  
Inha-  
erow  
o ne  
Beesome of heaven, my neck a Phari-  
se hit  
an Tower, my shoulders bearing up  
ut the the world with *Atlas*, my arms sphe-  
ng o ring the Earth, my hands graiping  
est in both Poles, my belly more big then  
, our the Tun at Heildebergh, my thighes  
ourtis strutting like a Rhodian Coluss, my  
with legs supporters of the Globe, and my  
laces feet like those of *Erichtonius*, yet I  
, our could never be Master of such a Gra-  
lone titude as might refun'd the sixtieth  
n or part of your incomparable indulgen-  
d, the cy; adde but one more to all your  
Mistr past favours, and make me eternally  
lf: yours. I have heard that *Ulysses* and  
mell- *Eneas*, \*I will not name *Hercules*, (the  
luou true Types of me) had the happiness  
\* Rememb-  
but hard  
true shape,

to visit that dark Dungeon where the damned dwell, and to have commerce with those Ætherial souls that dance together in the Elision Shades, and yet returned (safe and sound) to their terrestrial abodes; I would fain know what is done in the other World, though I have no ambition to injure any there, or (with Hercules) to cap-tivate Cerberus.

That you may know (said Lamia) what an immense power you have over me (though the Adventure be dreadfull and dangerous) you shall have the fruition of your desires, be sure you enjoyn your tongue the strictest silence; this said, she and the Champion re-entered their Charriot, being transported over Woods, Cities, Seas, Villages, and tops of tall Steeples, and in a trice arrived at that very place where (after solemn Sacrifice to his Mothers soul) Ulysses began his Progress to Pluto's Monarchy; here they disburthened their Caroach, and the Inchantress taking Zara by the hand, departed down a pair of winding stayres, having no light save a kind

kind of dusky glimmering, such as some call Twi-light; the bellowing of black Rivers and schrieking of Furies made a dreadfull diapason, to which was added a pestilential smel as of Brimstone, Naptha, &c. They travelled so long down these stayres, that Zara (who now repented his rash option) imagined himself con-centred in the Earth, and now they beheld an exceeding high Wood, whose top seemed to touch the Clouds, every Tree had its branches laden with a kind of swarthy Fruit resembling Cucumbers, each of them including a damned soul, who were incessantly tormented in the bowels of these Cucumbers, without hope of Infranchisement: Having past this Wood, they arrived at the very brink of the River Styx, whose dark waves evaporated a thick smoak; here they found Charons Boat (with onely one Oar in it) fastned to part of that Cottage where the grisly Ferriman refided, but no Boat-man to be met with; the occasion of Charons absence was this, Pluto had newly married his eldest daughter *Tenebrosa* to the great Duke

Mara-

*Marathron*, whose Territories extended from *Pblegeton* to the Lake *Aver-nus*, having under his command sixty Legions ; and this wither'd Water-man had imployment as Pilot in *Pla-to's* chief Galeon , to convey the Princely pair and their Retinew over *Acheron* to their own Dominions; the Inchantress was extreamly vexed to find *Charon* a non-resident, insomuch that she was once resolved to punish Hell and Heaven, as culpable of a contumacy, when behold *Charons* Consort (*Fatua*) a Matron of much gravity, and daughter to *Chaos* and *Nox*, fell at the Inchantress feet, beseeching her not to be offended at her husbands absence, relating that his Prince had summoned his service, withall intreating her to approach her homely Mansion ; *Lamia* and the Champion were not shie to enter this homely Pavillion, where they found a candid Reception from the aged *Fatua*, who upon their entrance threw a kind of Gum into the fire (made of a kind of Pumice, much resembling the Brittish Turf ) by vertue whereof, the Room where they were seemed more lumi-nous

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Chap. 3. *DE L FOGO.*

91

nous when the House of *Sol*; they received celestiall Visions, and fancied themselves equal with the Gods, they had not long enjoyed this beatificall Vision, but they heard the aged Fer- rimans voyce, who sang the follow- ing Canticle, walking upon the Surges.

*S O N G.*

1.  
*Foolish Mortalls (fed with Pap)*  
*(Sporting in cold Tellus lap)*  
*Alwayses scraping, alwayses scoring,*  
*Alwayses drinking, alwayses whoring,*  
*you spend your lives,*  
*with wag-tayld Wives,*  
*While the subiill Syrens rock ye,*  
*Till your proud bl. sh make ye pockey.*  
*Driving Acres down your Gu'ets,*  
*Till you dine with butter'd Bu'ets,*  
*Drink and drab, stody and stare on,*  
*You must all conclude with Charon.*

2.

*Wash your throats with Wine and Wort,*  
*The Gods made man to make them sport;*  
*Nor can ye ere be called men,*  
*Though ye write threescore and ten:*

Y<sup>e</sup> 1622

Y'are leaden Daddies,  
To light Ladies,

*Ships floating on a Sea of Glass,  
The Stagerite was but an Ass.*

*Drink and drab, study and stare on,  
You must all conclude with Charon.*

By this time the grey-bearded Oar-man had gained his Hive, and with a chearfull hum saluted *Lamia* and the Champion after his rustick manner, who returned him more Complementall Retribution : The Inchantress had no need to inform him of her design, \* *None ever toucht the Strond of Styx, but they ballasted Charons Boat :* wherefore taking leave of *Fatua*, they immediately Imbarqued themselves, the tough old Siegnior ( having been well feasted in the

\* He is ye-  
ry oblivious  
that knows  
not this old  
mans name  
See Apulei-  
us his Gol-  
den Calf, li.  
6, p. 12,

Court of Pluto ) tugg'd at the Oare  
like any Terrestriall Barge-man a-  
gainst Wind and Tide; but by that  
time they were half way over Styx,  
they espyed an aged \* person all na-  
ked,

ked, of a venerable Aspect (very neer them) crying out for help, for that he was in danger of drowning: The Champion (moulded of a noble mind) was proffering him his hand, had not *Lamia* hindered him, who related unto him briefly what this old man was, and how inevitable a ruine had ensued, in case he had affor ded him aide; ere her Caution found period, they were within sight of shoar, where they landed, giving *Charon* his usuall Sallary, who (wondering what Mister Wights these were, since he had not above thrice before had experience of the like) took his leave with more Ceremony then usuall, and returned to his Wherry.

The place where the Sorceress and our Champion now were, seemed a Marish ground, or rather a perfect Quagmire over-grown with blasted Reeds, and withered Sedge, yet of so solid a surface, that they tramped as upon Scythian Ice; being past this Bog, they presently came to the very

very Gates of Barathrum, fashion'd of burnisht Brass, which (contrary to Ancient and Modern belief) were fast locked, for that the God of Ghosts had lately made Proclamation.

Pisces Pro-  
clamacon.

**F**orasmuch as our Brother Jupiter, King of Heaven (minding  
merly his peculiar interest and self-  
glo:ry) daily Delegates numberless  
multitudes of the moxe leproous, tur-  
bulent, and factious sort of souls from  
our Territories, to the disturbance of  
our Weal, and apparent Assassination  
of our Monarch, while we are in dan-  
ger of debauching by the ma-  
levolent combinations of cursed spi-  
rits; These are therefore to wch and  
command you Cerberus, our chiefe  
Porter in ordinary, with the assist-  
ance of Our trusty and well-beloved  
Minos, Lord chief Justice of Tarta-  
rus, that none of what condition or  
quality soever, be permitted to passe  
as Pilgrims, or otherwise) into our  
Dominions, that shall not be able to  
tender an account of their good be-  
haviour

habour in the upper World, and wilfully take the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy : This you are not to fail at your utmost perill ;

Witness our Self, at Ætna.

The horrid clamours that were heard within, made the Champion wish himself in that very Cave again, where the Bear baited him ; But there is no receding now ; \* He who sets <sup>his</sup> Sentence his foot upon Hells Threshold, shall be enforced to enter the house.

CHAR

## CHAP. IV.

*The Inchantress and Sara visit the innermost parts of Hell. A description of the various torments inflicted on the damned, till now not known. Thence they pass to Eлизium, where they find all in uproar, and return to Lamia's abode.*

Lamia and the Champion had returned without their errand, had not Minos (who knew the Inchantress knock) commanded Cerberus to paw open the Gates, yet though the Judge were a great honourer of Lamia and the Champion, he durst not permit them to pass on till they had taken the \* Oath, and signed the Instrument; which done, they had free emission: Then the Inchantress again anointed her self and Zara (with an Unguent written by the Master of Art,

\* I A. B See Cornel A- grippa his Occult Phi-losophy. Or Tullies love written by the Master of Art.

pre-

preservation of his person, though to  
the torture of his tongue) boared a  
hole with her Bodkin quite thorow  
that garulous nerve, which Nature  
(very politickly) had secluded in \* I-

\* By this it  
is ev denc  
that the  
Champion  
was not  
toothless.

vorie grates, which made him bleate  
like one burned for swearing, draw-  
ing a Ribband of a Sea-green colour  
thorow the Orifice, which tyed a true

\* The Em-  
blem of La-  
mia's affec-  
tion.

\* loves Knot so amply, that a gag  
could not have given better security  
to the Sheriff for a Pilloriz'd Factio-  
nist: This done, they beheld all that  
erring Mortalls so much discourse of  
and so little know; but the Devill a  
*Tytius, Tantalus, or Ixion* were there;  
*Sisphus* indeed was fitting upon his  
Stone very melancholly, a bowl of  
boylng liquor before him, which he  
often fipt on, but very charily for  
fear of scalding his chaps, it seemed  
no other then an absterfive Posset,  
curdled with shavings of Ebony,  
*Nero, Heliogabalus, Caligula, Comodus,*  
*Baflides, Mezentius*, and a thousand  
other Tyrants branded by antiquity  
were there, yet neither broyling in  
blue flames, nor fishing for Salaman-  
ders in fiery Rivers; but what was

worse, Nero was Cobling of shooes  
*Heliagabalus* and *Caligula* were bus  
at the Forge, *Commodus* crying (like  
any Coftermonger) \* Pippins eigh  
pence the hundred, *Basilides* and *Me  
zentius* (sweating under their bu  
thens) were carrying sacks of Coal  
into Pluto's Kitchin; such like pu  
nishments were inflicted on *Phalan*  
the *Sycilian* brethren, and others.

The Inchantress and Zara made as  
the haste they could from this dread  
full Den, and are now arrived in the  
Elizian Shades.

*Where are no Locusts, nor six-footed Lice,  
But Popin-jayes, and Birds of Paradise,  
Plump youths with bucksom maids do what  
they please,  
And never fear the fatall French disease.*

\* viz. Phæbus, Here they found fix of Sols \* Son  
ton, Bremios, (begotten on *Climine*) making perpe  
Borachio, tuall day, not seated in Chariots,  
Brunello, forced to use the Whip as their age  
Boreo, Bo  
dino.  
See the Mu  
ses Interpr. father Phœbus, but walking up and  
down, or sitting, as best sorted with  
the society of those sublime Souls  
who inhabited this thrice-happy  
place

\* In a wie  
ker basket  
with three  
legs.

place ; not a shrub here but breathed odours, the bounteous soyl was cloathed all over with Roses and Lillies, Fruits as fair, as fragrant of taste, offered themselves to be plukt by any consecrated hand , *Vulturnus* was incessantly active in plundering the Ocean of its perfumes, which he unladed here, fanning whole piles of Sabeen Gums and Syrian Spices, with his purpled Plumes, till these blessed ones were enveloped with Aromatick Clouds : no Female,here, is branded with that egregious epithete of *Whore* and *Strumpet*, for all women are in common, onely they boast not the act of Generation , for then *Jupiter* must inlarge his Elizium ; but (as if these two had brought \* *Ate* along with them) there hapned such a busyness amongst these blessed ones this day, as had not been known iu thirty thousand years before, for *Ajax Telamon* (by the instigation of *Thirsites*, a fellow as much mis-shapen of mind as body ) had upbraided *Ulysses* with cowardize in the Grecian Warre, and (which all *Lethe* could not make him forget) that he attained *Achilles* Armor

\* A woman  
of a harsh  
cumulous  
temper, a  
broacher of  
brawls and  
fomenter of  
quarrels.  
See Valques  
de Belisga-  
tio.

rather by odious connivance then by oraculous Eloquence ; upon this the *Trojan Worthies* congregated in heaps led by their old Chieftain *Hector*, and the *Greeks* appeared in great bodies, under conduct of *Achilles*, so that all Elizium was in uproar, while (as if to powr Oyl upon the fire) another brawl was newly broached among the Gown-men, *Homer* having smote *Hesiod* on the head very grievously, for boaffing behind his back, that himself was in all respects his Rivall, *Pindar*, *Stesichorus*, *Coluthus*, *Lychopron*, took part with *Homer* ; but *Moschus*, *Bion*, *Theocritus* and *Anacreon* were for *Hesiod*; this was no sooner bruited abroad, but it gave occasion to *Statius* to vaunt himself equall with *Virgil*, as if *Adraustus* were co-equall with *Aeneas* ; here was a new matter for *Lucretius*, *Lucan*, *Ovid*, and *Horace* declared themselvs point blank for *Virgil*; *Propertius*, *Catulus*, *Martiall*, and *Perseus* took part with *Statius*, so that there was like to be fighting on all hands; the *Greeks* divided under *Homer* and *Hesiod*, and the *Latines* under *Virgil* and *Statius*, and it had been well

ook.2. Chap.4. DEL FOGO.

101

well, had the horror (like to ensue) made a halt her, for the fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise; the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets; this Brave was resented by all with the highest indignation, for *Chaucer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie, whose onely unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Bens* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel* and *Mortimer* was now compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose soul remained in Flesh; hereupon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a shewt by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel* and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided; but behold

H 3

Shake-

*Shakespear and Fletcher* (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* & the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in *Triplex*; \* *Skelton, Gower, and the Monk of Bury* were at *Daggers-drawing* for *Chaucer*; *Spencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Bookmen in the World; *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* surrounded with their Life-Guard, Viz. *Goffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Sucklin, Cartwright, Carew, &c.* O ye *Pernassides!* what a curse have ye cast upon your Heliconian Water-Bailiffs? that those whose Names (both Sir and Christen) are filed on Fames Trumpet, and whom Envy cannot wound, shall now perish by intestine Discord, and home-bred Dissention? While these stirres were on foot *Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Plotinus, Epicurus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Anaximander, Chrysippus, Epicetus, Zeno, Aristotle, &c.* both Perapateticks, Stoicks, Epicureans, and all the (some

\* Henry 4.  
his Poet  
Lawreat,  
who wrote  
disguises for  
the young  
Princes.

ook.2. with as if with their & stice) now Tri- Monk g for a book- and Life- ecker, &c. we ye ater- names d on Envy h by bred were Plo- eago- etus, ticks, the come-

#### Chap.4. DEL FOGO.

103

(sometime) discordant Sects of Philosophers (being now all of one self-same opinion, *Diogenes* excepted, who could by no means be won to a compliance) were all seated in the School of \* *Scepticus*, not ashamed to learn this in the Ætheriall, which they trampled upon in the Terrestrial world : while they were giving diligent attention here, the gap grows wider, and open Warre is almost proclaimed by the busie ones of Elizium, but the clement Gods would not suffer so dire a catastasis, for *Hermes* entering the Lists, threw down his Warde, summoning the incensed Bards to Phœbus Tribunall there to render an account of this wild action; the Ring-leaders of the Greeks and Trojans (almost by the ears about *Ajax* his busines) *Cylenus* arrested with his *Caducifer*, warning them forthwith to appear before *Mars*, to answer this prodigious contempt of his Power and Sovereignty, for he being the God of Swords and Salt-Peter, challenges the sole Superiority (as well over the brawling wifes of *Basinggate* as the Suburban Hectors)

who taught  
that there  
was no po-  
wer but that  
of the sword  
See Aristotle  
Evans page  
physics.

H 4

both

both for the creating, carrying on, and composure of all quarrells from the Irish Skeyn to the Scottish Dagger. This sullen Hemisphere is now serene again, and the more peacefull Souls discarded of their Anxieties; the Inchantreis gave little regard to the (new-peased) Garboyles, but the Champion took great pleasure in their perusal, wishing a prolix date to their dire distemper; by this time they arrived neer the brink of a broad River, whose waves were of a greenish colour, but full of speckled Serpents, with faces like women, & tayls like \* *Vesuvius*; this was that plashy Puratory where *Clitemnestra*, *Semiramis*, *Phaedra*, *Modea*, *Agave*, *Myrha*, *Canace*, &c. were eternally tortured, the manner of the torment thus, twice every day they beheld (as they were chaind to thcir torrid Pillers) a troop of beauteous young men, all naked with \* vast-siz'd Genitalls, sitting at a Table furnished with all sorts of delicates, and after their repast dancing most gracefully. to the tune of *Dido* the hapless Queen of *Carthage*, whom *Lamia* and *Zara* would fain have blest their

\* A hot hill  
in America.

\* These tor-  
ments must  
needs be in-  
pressible.

their eyes with, but could not, she had bin there (it's true) but the compaffionate Deities at the instant importunity of Æneas (who himself was also Deifi'd) gave her an *Habeas Corpus*, removing the langishing Lady from her watry Gaol, to a starry Mansion, wher she waited on Juno, rubbing her toes, and tying up the trammels of her hair when occasion commanded ; The

\* Champion would fain have exercised his valour for the present liberty of these Ladies, though all the powers of Orcus had thwarted him, had not

\* Mark here  
our Cham-  
pions incom-  
parable cou-  
rage.

Lavia declared the vanity of the attempt, and how impossible it was to procure their Infranchisement : Our Noble pair had now sufficiently fated themselvs with Acherontick novelties only yet they had not seen Pluto's Palace, nor kissed the hand of Avernian Juno, Lamia would have visited the Court of that swarthy King, had not Zara's indisposition impeded her Resolve ; therefore they hasted with all speed to the very Gates of Barathrum, which at their return they found wide open, but so great was the desire of their attaining the ter-

terrestriall Globe, that they made no inquiry of the cause thereof; their Carroach awaited their comming very dutiously, into which having cast themselvs, they were (within few minutes) conveyed to Lamia's abode.



## CHAP. V.

Zara (*having made a strange Discovery*) can by no means be perswaded to dwell longer with his Love Lamia ; his remarkable Speech at parting. Her w<sup>o</sup>full Lamentation.

**T**HAT our Champions shirt was glewed to his Loynes, and his whole Microcosm out of frame, will be no mans wonder that considers the length, or rather depth of his journey, and how hot a place Hell is, but no preservative is wanting that may restore him to his lost strength, but he being of a tough constitution, instead of Ginger-bread and Jellies, calls for the leg of an Ox, and the thigh of a Sheep, the desolation wherof rendred him

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## Chap.5. DEL FOGO.

107

him in his full vigour (so that *Lamia* perceived it was rather his five hours fasting then any other obliquity that occasioned his distemper) which the Inchantress could not credit, till she had made experimentall proof of his \* Abilities ; Long time our Champion and *Soto* remained with this *Acre-  
sia*, this *Armida*, this *Alcyna*, this what shall I call her, -- this Witch, -- No delight whatsoever but resided here, the palate pleased with curious Cates and delicious Wines, the eye delighted with variety of the most glorious objects, the eare feasted with Soul-charming Harmony, and finally all the five Sences fed to an Atrophie in this Palace of Pleasure, yet cannot all these allurements and blandishments so mollifie our Knight, but he remembers, in the midst of these false joyes, these delusive delights, and Sugar-plum contentments (that rot the eater) that his business on Earth is of a different Die, to succor the oppressed, to tame fastidious Tyrants, and make mis-shapen Monsters tremble at the clashing of his Arms, but (not to make our Champion more hungry after

\* Meaning  
how he  
could use  
him.

after Fame, then indeed he is) why he would needs be going was, for that he had discovered the d<sup>m</sup>nied fraud of the fallacious *Lamia*, being far enough (as \* she thought) from the perusal of her person, when peeping through the cranney of a wall, he perceived his cunning Concubine in her true and native shape.

\* By this it appears that Witches are not altogether so omnipotent & omniscient as Gaffer Bodin and other witch-wongers would make us believe.

*So old, so wondrous old,  
In the Non-age of time,  
Ere the Serpent fed on slime,  
Or Eve put on her Petticoat,  
She was in her prime.*

It would have puzzell'd that Female Mastix Mantuan to have limm'd this she-Chymera, \* the wrinkles on her face might be called Cupids graves (not that *Cupido* is dead) where the Dand-prat Deity sits triumphing in his own Trenches; this is the *Orcus* that includes millions of Fiend-like frows, Myriads of deep Ruts and Sloughs, in all respects resembling a parched Dung-hill perpetually moistned with salt water leisurely distilling from the Lymbecks of her leaden

\* The Description of a virtuously disposed Matron.

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## Chap.5. DEL FOGÒ.

109

leaden eyes, her breath like the steam of *Tenarus*, blast, the Spring be it never so forward ; take her whole face, together with all its furniture, and like Clouds it turns day to night, and mightier then the Sea, makes Moors seem immaculate : Our Champion was wrapt with no little wonder to behold this strange mutation, she that some hours before seemed another *Hellen*, is become a very *He-cuba*, already barkt into a Bitch, yet durst not our Champion take notice of the killing Object, (Note here our Champions meer cunning) un-wary Narration his eyes had beheld a number of Metamorphosed men turned into Beasts by the Inchantments of this wicked Sorceresse, and to be an Asse was such a thing as made him tremble to think on, desirous therefore to be quit of this foule Quean (having recounted those many Obligations upon him, and protested the greatest Ardency of Devotion) he humbly and earnestly besought *Lamia* to let him depart; for quoth  
he,

\* See Cæsar's  
Commenta-  
ries in Eng-  
lish.

he,\* the Rust of Ease feeds on Honour like a Moth, and to a true enabled mind nothing is more irksom then idleness, adding he had been long benum'd with the Torpedo of Excess, and so made himself enemy to that employment which God and Nature had appointed; How many *Parthia's* (quoth he) languish under the harsh Tyranny of flinty-soul'd *Demagogasses*? How many Phalarian Tyrants trouble the world with tempestuous Impositions and Diabolical Edicts? How many Dragons sleep soundly in their Marble Cels at night who all the day do nothing but devour those harmless Hobinols, that toyl for the benefit of mankind? How many Inchantments expect a period from the prudency of my courage; and how many formless Gyants (taller then Oaks) might have bin hew'd down with *Kill-za-Cow*, while *Zara* makes himself a Milk-sop, a Carpet Knight, a Coxcomb, and what not? *Lamia* had listned to this farewell (to her a Funerall Oration) very attentively; but all the time our Champion was talking, he might perceive

how

how her fick soul sat upon her lips,  
looking as \*blue as Butter-Milk ; A-  
las, said she, that the Fates shou'd al-  
lot poor *Lamia* so sad a suffrance ; is  
there but one onely Knight in the  
World (who draws my soul as *Ber-*  
*bary* horses drag a Dutch Caroach) and do I finde his love loose in the <sup>12.</sup>

hilts ? who like those who chuse ra-  
ther to lye on boards then beds, with  
blocks for pillows, despises the silken  
delicacies of Repose, to tread the  
path of Tumult, and rashly wishes to  
experiment those hardships dogging  
Knights-Errant at the heels : O my  
*Zara*, wherein has *Lamia* displeased  
thee ? What have thy wishes promp-  
ted thee to, that thou hast wanted ?  
Has not Heaven, Hell, Gods, Men,  
and Furies been at thy beck ? \* Has  
not *Bacchus* prostrated his blood, *Ce-*  
*res* her store, *Cyprides* her delights,  
*Apollo* his Lyre, *Pytho* her voyce, *Juno*  
her stateliness, *Hermes* his wit, and  
*Jove* himself his Heaven, and yet can-  
not all this create a compliancy ? O  
my dear *Zara*, let not thy ambitious  
desire to rivall those rapacious Rene-  
gadoes of old, whose best happiness

\* An infal-  
lible sign of  
a troubled  
mind. See  
*Culpepper's*  
last will &  
Testament.  
i. e his Le-  
gacy, chap.

\* Mark the  
Majesty of  
these tropes

\* See the History of Mervin and Fregolus, with his three sons.

was to purchase a Pageant Fame with a reall infortunity, and are at best but \*blended with dirt and blood, per-  
swade thee to a tedious travell after that glory which in the grasping pas-  
ses through the fingers.

*This said, she with her goggle  
eyes did stare-a,  
(As if she meant to look  
him through) on Zara.*

\* As in ex-  
pectation of  
the Cham-  
pions re-  
morse.

It would have bruiz'd a brazen heart (more hard then that Head once so baffled by Mounseur Miles) to have beheld her in that Agonie for a long time, \*her looks gave the language of her heart, but reading his unalterable resolys written (Stenographically) in his face, she rose up (like a fierce Tygress) taking by the throat (to his almost strangling) with such a voyce (for all the world) as Dido when she perceived that she must lose her sturdy Stallion, the strong chined Æneas, she said; O thou inexorable Beef-brained man, thy Mother sure was some Welsh woman, who instead of her own fostered thee with

Mares

Mares Milk, thy Father some salvage Kern, begotten by an Incubus, and thy breeding no better then that the Boars of *Belgia* afford their swat-bo-died Bantlings : Go, but may my conglomerated curses go with thee ; but if not for my sake (here she began to treat the Champion in a milder tone, yet for that which this womb of mine includes, thy \*Seed, which even now cuts capers in my womb ; be courteous to perishing *Lamia* ; here she let fall a number of salt tears, insomuch that *Soto* could not forbear to accompany her ; her Marble Maidens sweat brinie drops, making much lamentation for their Mistress ; not all this could mollifie our Champions minde, yed did he once more give the grounds of his Protestations, that no Lady under Heaven should ever claim that Sovereignty which her bright self so rightfully inherits ; he would have added more, had not the Inchantress flung away in a great rage, and locking her self up in her Closet, gave commandment that none should have access to her ; she gone, our Champion

I                  stood

\*Which the Champion had convey'd into her through a Pipe, that it is possible so to do, see Culpeppers Book of women and of Womens wombs.

stood in a strange dilemma, almost resolved to link himself to *Lamia* forever; to this *Soto* very powerfully exhorted him, and (no doubt) had prevailed, had not his fancy immediatly

\* Meaning Banks his Beast, if it be lawful to call him a beast, whose perfections were so incomparably rare, that he was worthily termed the four-legg'd wonder of the world, for danceng (some say) singing, and discerning Maids from Maulkins, finally having of a long time proved himself the ornameat of the British Clime, travailing to Rome with his Master, they were both burned by the commandment of the Pope.

falsn upon the sullen contemplation of that footy change, when he beheld his *Minerva* a *Megera*, and his young beatorous Lady a black deformed Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to saddle his good Steed, and to bring go with his Sword, Armor, and Mace, which Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to inform *Soto* presently performing, the Champion forthwith armed himself, commanding *Soto* to the like, and having mounted his fiery steed, who (like one of \* Banks's breed) danced under him for joy; he called for *Lapida*, with intent (since *Lamia* wold by no means as be spoke with) to send a zealous fare well to the Inchantress by her, when behold *Lapida* was coming toward him, bearing a Box fast locked, and in her hand the key, who coming locking the Champion with humble obeisance presented him with *Lamia*'s last gift, using these or the like expressions: Sir Knight, quoth she, for whose sake the woful *Lamia* wishes her self a beast,

beast, that she might alwaies bear so rich a burden as thy self, although thy cruelty cannot be parallell'd, who rejeckest a Lady, for whose sake Kings would kick their Crowns with the soles of their feet, yet she commits this Casket of treasure into thy custody, willing thee to preserve it as thou wouldest thy life, a written Schedule informs thee how to deal, & the Gods go with thee : *Zara* could not but stand amaz'd to finde such affection from her to whom he had manifested such obduracy ; But as he was about to declar himself, *Lapida* had left him, and was already with her disconsolat Mistris : *Soto* could not refrain shedding of tears (his belly though wanting ears had the gift of prophesie, and predicted a scarcity, after so much fulness as he found in *Lamia's* Pavilion) no nor \* *Zara* himself, though he curiously absconded his reluctancy by locking down his Beaver, the Champion thought it vain to attempt a future colloquie, and therefore kept his way, waited on with numberlesse numbers of formless imaginations.

\* Some old Authors report that he wept bitterly.

## CHAP. VI.

Zara having left his Love Lamia, went with a Noble woman of No-land, she tells the story of Prince Emansor (son of Paraclet and Maulkina) changed in his Cradle : The Counterfeit is exposed to the mercy of wild Beasts. Emansor returns, and is known to his Parents. Duke La-Fool undertakes to prove the Prince's Maulkina a Prostitute. Champions resort from all parts of the world, proffering their service to the Princess. Don Zara also resolvus for her vindication.

**H**aving thus quitted Lamia's Mansion, our Don kept the beaten Road, riding a very easie pace, vexed with various cogitations, till he arrived upon a vast Plain, whose immensity gave him occasion to cast up his eyes to Heaven, to see if the Sun were not neer his Western Region, by reason of their soreness occa- but finding he had many miles yet to travail, he resolved to pass that Plain and to Quarter in the next Quarry.

\* which he seldom did \* eyes to Heaven , to see if the Sun were not neer his Western Region, by reason of their soreness occa- but finding he had many miles yet to travail, he resolved to pass that Plain and to Quarter in the next Quarry.

met with; as he was thus contemplating (turning himself about to speak to *Soto*) he might perceive a Lady of incomparable beauty, mounted on a white Steed, richly trapped (clad after the Amazonian manner, in her hand a shell fashioned like a Shield, whereon was most lively pourtrayed the figure of some illustrious Princess, he was attended by one onely Squire, his body short, his beard long, his face pale, and his hair red, these followed hard after the Champion, who imagined that *Lamia* might (perhaps) have repented of her morosity, and was now in pursuit of him, to give the other odd on-set (by way of storm) to his most impregnable sesolve, and therefore he stood still expecting her approach, who was no sooner within Tongue-shot of him, but allighting from her Steed, whom she committed to the custody of her Squire, she made most humble and lowly obeysance to the Champion, who very courteously commanded *Soto* to raise her from the earth, for quoth he, I love not to see your soft Sex fall upon the knee, but the \* back, or to hear ye supplicate

\* Meaning  
that he  
would  
back them  
in al brunnes

\* A kind of for any thing save a \* Syringe: The  
 Musical In- strument fa- shioned like a Reed, if it be skilfully plaid on, it puts to si- lence the brawlings of bitter wives and attenuates the friendship of the most fascinorous female.

\* Sir Knight, said she (whose looks language, and gesture create strange thoughts within me) be pleased to know, that I am (I will not say the first) of those Ladies of Honour, who wait upon the high-born, illustrious, and resplendent *Maulkina*, Daughter to

the high and mighty Prince *Paraclet*, Prince of *No-Land*, on the confines of whose Territories we now are, so it is that the Divine *Maulkina* having been a vowed Votress to *Diana* (whose Priestess she was, and whose Oracle she exhibited) upon a night as she sat at the feet of the Image of that chaste Deity, Deaths elder-brother, Tyger-taming *Sommus* sealed up her eyes, when behold, *Jupiter* descended in the shape of a brave young Prince, and had the fruition of her body, to the filling of her belly, as saith the Adage, *with young bones*, so that she became altogether incapable of officiating in *Diana's Temple*, therefore exchanging

the Church for the Court, after nine Moneths were expired, *Lucina* falling from Heaven (with her two Hand-Maids *Sarab Safety*, and *Joan Ease*) she made Prince *Paraclet* a Grandsire, to his little joy, when he perused the Infants person so monstrously misshapen, his fore-head flat, his eyes squinting, his nose hardly visible, his lips thick, yet flaggy, his chin resembling a Town-top with a brass nayl at bottom, his bulk a very *Babel* of deformity, his legs borrowing their shape from a new bent Bow, and his feet displaying themselvs very dreadfully; nor were his internal indowments incompatible with his shape, for (comming to years of discretion) his language and comportment proclaimed him rather the son of a Plaisterer then a Prince, the sons of Noble men he would shun, to accompany the sons of Citizens and Car-men, nor could ever be brought to the knowledge of Letters by all the endeavours that could be used, to the extream grief of *Paraclet*, and the unspeakable torment of *Maulkina*, yea, to the general sorrow of the whole Realm, the

people whispering in corners, that this Incubus could not be the son of the great Japiter, but rather the spurious seed of some Swabber; these wild reports brought Paraclet to his wits end, and not knowing how to extinguish this fire without scorching his fingers, he resorted to the Oracle at *Del bos*, where after Celebration of the usuall Ceremonies) he received this Answer:

*By subtle Goblins fraud,  
The reall Child of Maud,  
Was changed in the Cradle,  
By \*Tom, surnamed Ladle,  
(Who is the master Elf,  
And does what list himself)  
But the true Son of Jove  
About the world does rove,  
(Not knowing of his Right)  
Being call'd the Fairy Knight;  
But by the Fates decree,  
This Faery Prince you'l see,  
(The lawfull Heyr of mo Land)  
Within few dayes in No-Land,  
When e're he haps to c'me,  
You'l k. o v him by his Thumb,*

*Wh*

\* See the Book of walking Spirits.

*Who with his Sword shall prove  
Himself the Son of Jove.*

It were needless to recite with what astonishment Prince *Paraclet* (and all with him) received this Answer from *Apolo*, but hastening back to *No-Land*, *Paraclet* summoned his whole Nobility, who unanimously attending his pleasure, he declared unto them what the Oracle had spoken, demanding their speedy and serious advice, some councell'd one thing, some another, but after much hesitation, they voted as one man, that this prodigious Changeling should be conveyed into some Wilderness, and there left to the acceptance of his Elvish parents, whose advice (though *Maulkina* swayed with a groundless commisfication withheld it) was suddenly put in practice, and this *Perken Warbeck* being denuded of his greatness, resigned to the protection of those Goblins who gave him being; this action was diversly disputed on by the Vulgar, some applauding, some condemning, and all censuring; they were silenced • For it was by the arriyall of *Emansor*\* with 30. Squires, <sup>about the</sup> Spring of <sup>the</sup> year.

Squires, cloathed all in green-a, who (by divine appointment) coming to Court, proffered his servic to *Paraclet*, who beholding his well-built form and behaviour, but especially fixing his eyes on his fingers, perceived his right-hand Thumb to be 12. digits longer then any of his other fingers, wherefore assuring himself that this was he whom the Oracle hinted, his own flesh and blood, and

\* Here was true affection indeed, son of *Jupiter* and *Maulkina*, \* he im-

braced him in his arms, weeping over him as if he had been scourged with Scorpions; *Emansor* was wondrously astonished at this uncouth entertainment, insomuch that for a long time he remained speechless, but a sober recollection having opened his organ pipes, he (on his knees) besought Prince *Paraclet* to inform him what motives prompted him to this enigmatical Reception of one who was utterly a stranger to him; *Paraclet* again folded him in his arms, & beckning to all about him, that stood at distance (marvelling at this strange inter-location) he openly declared, that by the goodness of the Gods No-

Land

Land was now restored to its ancient Glory, this being the true and one-ly Sonne of his Daughter *Maulkina*, and his undoubted Heyre ; This he spake with a lowd voyce, and then again saluted his Grandchild, while all there gave a showt, which echoed in every corner of No-land, shrewdly shattering many Steeples and Strutures : By this time the welcome News came to the knowledge of the Princess *Maulkina*, who came running swifter then a Roe to receive her long-lost Sonne into her bosom, the mutuall joy between *Emansor* and his Mother cannot be exprst in words. I shall therefore give the Reader leave to think as he lists, onely I must not omit what a generall Joy was every where manifested by the multitude, who (like Loyall Subjects) were even drunk for Joy of their new Prince ; \* he that did not stagger as well as stammer was immediately knockt down for a Traytor ; After this, the sweet *Emansor* (according to the *No-Land* custome) took his Mother to wife,

\* O the fisees  
ard cordiall  
Loyalty that  
the Ancients  
manifested to  
their Princes,  
where shall  
we now find  
such fidelious  
by servancy !

by whom he has two Sonnes and one Daughter named *Dowcabell*, the miracle of perfection, lately married to a Noble Personage, named *DON FURBO-FALLACIO*, who in Honour of his beauteous Bride, has appointed a Solemn Joust or Tournament, to begin the Twelfth of this instant Moneth, having sent His Challenges to every corner of the Orbe, and bidding Defiance to any Prince, Champion or Errant-Knight, that shall put his Lady (how exquisite soever) in competition with his brave Bed-fellow, whose shaddow this is; This was no sooner bruited abroad, but *DON-LA-FOOLE* Lord of a Neighbouring Iland, openly declared his dislike, crying up his own Lady as the sole Glory of her Sex, and the most merriting Madam in the World, and the more to make himself odious to all Noble Spirits, proffers to prove the Princesse *Manlkina* a Prostitute by dint of Sword, having cheated the credulous World with a false Report, that *Emansor* was not begotten by *Jupiter*,  
for

for this reason he has entertained a great number of Knights and Champions to be in readiness against the appointed day, so that Prince *Paraclet* and *Emansor* have cause to guesse that he intends rather a bloody War, then a Wanton Tilt and therefore they also have thought fit to strengthen them selves against the day that must decide this *Quarrell* for Beauty; and this ( most Noble Knight ) was occasion that commanded me abroad, to sumnion in all those Knights of worth, whom the Gods of No-Land should appoint me to encounter with not doubting of your chearfull assistance, when the most fair *Maulkina* and the Divine *Dowcabel* shall beg the ayd of your dead-doing arm.

The Celestiall Powers (quoth *Za-za*) I perceive are Favourers of thy Prince and People, that thus opportunely thou hast met with him, who will seat *Paraclet* and *Emansor* above fear or danger, and chastise the pride of that Duke LA-FOOL, else may *Kill-za-Cow* faile me in my greatest extremity, and *Founder-foot*  
make

make a Halt, when I am riding to the Redemption of some Imprisoned Kings ; The substance of this resplendent Shaddow shall bear the Bell from all Ladies that ever yet had a being, or shall illuminate the Earth for the future : But how neer are we to Prince Emansors Court, or must we expect a tedious Travaille ere we gain the sight of his Glorious Palace : My Lord, said she, some two Leagues hence ( in a direct line with your nose ) you shall finde a Ship ( in Safe Harbour ) riding at Anchor in the Ægean Sea, owned by a Merchant of *No-Land*, who will think himself happiside in having the Honour to transport your selfe and *Seto* your Squire ; it is but four houres Sayle ( though I confess those Seas are something dangerous,) from thence to *Zardoniat-pola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, where Prince P A R A C-L E T and EMANSOR reside in their gorgeous Pavillions : My self ( my Lord ) must yet further by Land : Having said this, she took

her

her leave in a most submissive manner, receiving a friendly Farewell from the CHAMPION, who now mended his pace towards the Ocean, for that he perceived *Cynthia* began to hide his countenance.

*End of the Second Book.*



Don

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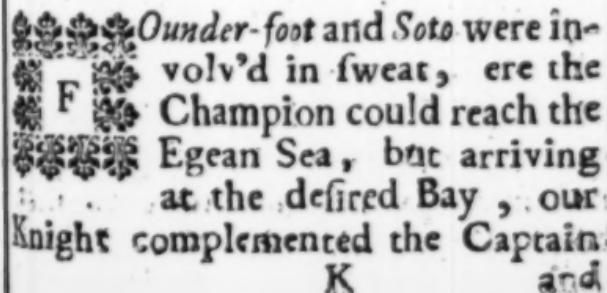
# Don Zara del Fogo:

## *The Third Book.*

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### CHAP. I.

*The Champion and Soto imbarque themselves for No-Land, being on Board, he opens the Casket that Lamia had sent by Lapida at his departure from Mount Mongibell, wherein he finds a Charmed belt, together with an Epistle warning him of future events. A dreadfull Tempest arising, himself and Soto are born from off the Deck above a Cables length; they are saved by a Sea-Horse, and cast upon an Iland inhabited by Fisher-men, where the Champion meets with a most strange Adventure.*

 *Under-foot and Soto were involv'd in sweat, ere the Champion could reach the Egean Sea, but arriving at the desired Bay, our Knight complemented the Captain K and*

\* Meaning and Master\* very ventrously, recei-  
as became a wing from them as reasonabl a retort,  
Champion they eat, drank, and discoursed toge-  
& a Knight ther, not like Aliens, but as having  
Errant.

consanguinious Alliance, and as if  
Neptune & Æolus had been our Cham-  
pions Pensionaries, the wind on a  
sudden became tractable to their de-  
sign, so that weighing Anchor, and  
setting Sayle, they merrily set for-  
ward for *Zardona-pola-Mancha*, the  
Seas calm, the winds courteous, the  
Seamen were singing, and the Passen-  
gers priding themselvs in their happy  
fortune; but O! the fickleness of For-  
tune, \* whose blandishments are bruizes,  
and whose dandlings are dangerous; for  
they had not sayled many leagues ere

\* Sentence  
grave and  
wise.

\* The De-  
scription of  
a sad Sea-  
storm.

*Hyperion hid his face, \* the Heavens*  
were muffled in Mists, *Eurus* and *Boreas*  
break from forth their prisons  
bearing storms and tempests on their  
wings to the (already) enraged Ocean,  
nor *Charls-Wain*, nor the *Left Bear*  
can be perused by the dispairing thought  
Pilot, the angry Sea rowles it self in might  
ridges as steep as the tall Pyramids  
*Cayr*, the monstrous *Leviathan* oper-  
ing his mouth wider then Orcus  
watch

watcht every opportunity to swallow  
the sinking Ship and its sorrowfull  
inhabitants ; nor could \* *Surius* or  
*Palinure* know which way to drive  
the distressed Vessel by the Rule of  
the Rudder, while (alas) her whole  
bulk groans, and her Beak and Main-  
Mast crack, the Steers-man crying a-  
loud, down with the Top-sayl, keep  
the Sprit-sayl tight, hale the Main  
Bowling, while the crazed Bark, like  
a Bear baited with Mastiffs, strives to  
keep her Beak aloof, some billows she  
breaks, others pass over her Poop  
and Prow.

\* Two emi-  
nent Steers-  
men, who  
guided Sir  
Walter Ra-  
leighs Ship  
on the Occ-  
ean, when he  
was bound  
for the dis-  
covery of  
the Silver  
Mines.

While things were in this confusi-  
on, *Don Zara* was fitting in his Cabin,  
in very serious contemplation, con-  
teiting (as indeed he had cause) that  
his Love *Lamia* had procured this  
storm on purpose to plague him, this  
agitation remembred him of the  
Casket that *Lapida* presented him  
with when he left *Lamia*, hitherto not  
thought on ; which fatall over-light  
might (for ought any man knows)  
have cost him his life, had not the ce-  
lestiall Powers indulged their Dar-  
ling with divine ayde ; but now (as

to the present business all-too-late) he opens the Carkanet, wherein he found a hilt borrowed from the hide of a Buck, lined with Magicall Characters, and Metricall Incantations, promising safety to the Wearer, though invironed with Millions of Enemies, & thrust at with thousands of swords ; Tradition tells us that this was the Cincture which the mighty Son of *Thetis*, swift-foot *Achilles*, used to wear, by virtue whereof he became invulnerable ; this Girdle was given to *Ulysses* with *Achilles* Armour (for he had not slaughtered the Woers else) he dying, lest it as an inestimable Legacy to his Son *Telemachus*, from whose custody the Inchantress *Lamia* ravish't it by the potency of her Spells ; one of the most efficacious Charms that was embossed in this Belt, spoke thus in Hexameter Verses :

*Oswald, Paradine, Thulo,  
Hugo, Hubert, Aribert,  
Astragon, Hurgonill, Orgo,  
Ulfenor, Geltha, Tybalt.*

Thus

Thus Interpreted :

*Ye mighty Dukes of Darkness,  
let no wrong  
Happen to him, who wears  
this Charmed Thong.*

With this protection there was also a Letter directed to the Champion in these words :

*Heroick Champion,*  
**T**hough your unkindnesses to me are of a more killing consequence, than that of Theseus, Æneas, Paris, or Ulysses, to Ariadne, Dido, Ænone, or Circe, for which your name (with theirs) should be hang'd, drawn, and quartered, by the common Executioneress Fame, yet so great is the love I yet retain towards you, that it not onely commands my forbearance from hurting you, but enjoyns me to put your person (which shall be exposed to many hazzards) above the reach of danger; the Belt that this box incloses, if girt about you, will prove your protection better then a Coat

Coat of Mail, or the most inpenetrable Armour, nor indeed can you be wounded while you wear this ; but this gone, you are but the same *Zara* you were ; My Art informs me that your Destiny shall decree you for *No-land*, appointing your passage through a turbulent Sea, but by no means imbarque your self for that Ship (Passengers and all ) shall become a prey to the barbarous Element : when you arrive in *No-land*, many shall be your dangers, some shall fight you, some flout you, and others fawn upon you, but your Girdle shall give you victory over all your Enemies ; Parting from thence, you shall visit many strange Countries, and see more Monsters then *Mandevile*, but at a certain time you shall find a winged Hog, grazing in a Green-plat, him seize upon ( for he has been used to the snaffle) and make him yours, giving the Gods and me thanks, who have made you Master of one of the rarest Beasts in the world : Thus imploring you would not altogether forget her who shall alwaies remember you, I commit you to your Fate,

*remaining the sorrowful Lamia.*

The Champion was exceedingly vexed at his own stupidity, that he had not read this Epistle before, and so prevented the present danger, but yet he would not seem to be amazed ; How was he smitten with astonishment at this unparalell'd affection of *Lamia*? how did he repent him of his fullen and sudden departure ? By this time the Ship was shaken almost to pieces, Thunder rent the Ayr, the Sea roared hideously, the misshapen monstors of the Deep were congregated in great numbers, expecting a Feast of flesh and marrow, and the dying Vessel is even now ready to give up the Ghost, the unhappy Passengers preparing themselvs to take the way of all Fish, yet the Champion views all these horrors unmoved, and while others are fighing, he and *Soto* were singing the \* heavenly tune of *Walsingham* ; By this time the Ship (having bin a long time sick of a Surfeit) being over-burthened ; now, with what before supported her, becomes founder'd down-right ; when, behold, while magnanimous *Zara*, and

\* There is much controversey amongst Expositors about this place, some will have Walsingham others Troy Town, and a third soe the Merchants daughter of Bristol.

his fearless *Soto* were standing on the Deck, threatening defiance to Neptune, and all the Marine Powers, a boisterous wave whirls them into the Sea above a Cables length.

O Neptune, Saron, and all ye watry Deities, what now shall become of our Sea-Champion, shall the Sword-fish wound him, the Dog-fish bite him, or the Whale devour him.

Behold what care the righteous Gods took for the preservation of virtue; our Champion and *Soto* had not long brushed the azure billows

\* Don Zara preserved by miracle, but the truth is the Sea-horses were ever very courteous to man-kind See Pliny, Solinus, Alber-tus Magnus, and the Spanish Man-devile.

\* Simile of a new yeand Babe.

with their active arms, \* but a huge *Hippocamp* ( or Sea-Horse ) gliding gently between the Champions legs, received him upon his back, to his no less joy then admiration, who beckned *Soto* to get up behind him, when (alas) the poor Squire was almost out of breath, and now and then drank deep draughts of salt water, which he puked up agen; \* as I have seen a sulken Babe eject the new received pap, forced back agen by the thrifty Nurse, till at last it bulge the belly of the Infant; this was *Soto*'s savoury, or rather unsavoury condition, yet sum-

mone-

moning all his strength (as a dying Candle, that contracts its ardour to make one parting blaze) he cut his passage through the swelling surges, with so vigorous a resolve, that though he attained not the crupper, he had sure hold of the tayle of this courteous creature; by this miraculous indulgency of Fate, our *Zara* and his Servitor were set safe on shoar the Sea-House (not staying so much as for thanks) having delivered his charge safe and sound to *Rhea*, plunged himself into the lap of *Thetis*, leaving our Champion in the most insidious extasie, who scarce could believe (what his eyes beheld) the wonder of his deliverance.

They were now in a Rockey Iland, here and there a Tree, and (in some places) near the Rocks, good store of \*grasse, here they feared as much to be famished as before to be drowned; yet (by the favour of *Mavors*) our Champion had his good Sword girt <sup>\* But withall  
very souvey.  
see Dr. Trig's  
Treatise of  
Purging Ale.</sup> to his voluminous waiste; nay more, his Charred Girdle, Casket, and all safe lodged in his pocket; *Soto* had on his Erst plate and Helmet, and his steel-

steel-pointed piece of Ash, fast in his fist, which instrument of defence he had such care of all the time he was sownd in the salt Ocean, that (as Cæsar swimming with one hand, and with the other preserving his Papers from pickle) he still kept it above water; but the loss of Founder-foot unspeakably grieved our Champion, so that he hardly restrained from tears.

Zara's complaint for  
the loss of  
his Steed.

\* Ah Founder-foot, Founder-foot, said he, have these hands of mine so often fed thee at Rack and Manger, with Oats, Grains, Beans and Barley for this, to fatten the ravenous Fishes of the Sea, and have thy hide cut out into more Thongs then the skin of Didoes Bull, to make Harness for Neptune's Coach-Mares; Farewell the glory of thy kind, thou Sovereign of Steeds, Prince of Palfrays, and honestest of all Horses:

\* Founder-  
Steeds Elogie.

\* Whose name shall live  
free from all black reproaches,  
While there are wincing Jades,  
or Hackney-Coaches.

Soto bore a part in his Masters sorrow, for the losse of Founder-foot, though his grief had a very different originall from that of Zara's, for he (grown a perfect *Thracian*) wisht him there rather to feed on, then ride on, and indeed his Sea-sickness made an Apology for the eagerness of his appetite, all know what a civill war the tumbling of the vessell creates in the small guts, and that those who have not been inur'd to Hoyes and Hulks, are very hainously harrassed the first time of their gaze upon the garulous Ocean. Long time they travailed up and down in hope to finde some shed of shelter, but Fortune was not so favourable to further their wishes, so that wet and weary as they were (their carkasses curdled with cold, and their wembs replet with water) they sat down at the root of a blasted Oak, wishing for immediate death, rather then a lingring destruction: Being thus reduced to the very brink of despair, and every minute in expectation to become a prey to some ravenous Wolf, or blood-thirsty Tyger, they might hear the shewtings

(as they thought) of Shepheards, but indeed Fishermen, who had even then surprized somthing (stiled by them a Fish) of weighty importance, so that they were forced to summon in the adjacent Fish-takers, with whoopings and hallowings, who understanding the occasion of their clamour, soon incorporated themselvs with them; no tongue can tell, or Pen propose, how much the ship-wrackt *Zara*, and his sorrowfull Servitor, were rejoiced at these echoings, and therefore they rose up, and (as neer as they could guess) trod that path that might lead them to the place where they heard these noyses, so much were they favored by Fate, that in a short time (as if they had taken notice of the track for many Ages) they arrived where they found not onely Mortals but Mansions, Fabricks as well as Fishermen, to their infinite contentment they saw the Fish-finders corroborated in one lump, clubbing all their nets and strength to boot, to make themselvs Masters of some unwonted prize, some crying out they had caught a Whale, others that they had

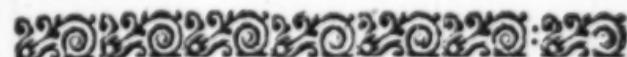
had fastned upon some Chest stuffed with Treasure ; others , that they should make some strange discovery , to the wonder of the world ; Zara and Soto stood as spectators all the time , while by main strength and Herculean Fortitude they brought to shoar what they had so long laboured for , but (to their astonishment) instead of Fish , were saluted with flesh ;

\* Behold , a *Panoplia* , a Coat of Ar-  
mour richly gilded ; with a Shield ,  
and a stately Steed (of a Chesnut co-  
lour , his Main curiously curled , a blue  
Star in his fore-head , a fair white  
spot upon either foot , &c . ) and other  
Martiall Utensils ; the Sea-Swaines  
were as much grieved , as our Cham-  
pion comforted , to peruse their  
Draught , insomuch that they were  
minded to return their gains to him  
that gave them , had not Zara stept  
in , and ( after the Narration of his  
late Ship-wreck ) besought them to  
confer the Horse and Armour up-  
on him , they all heard him atten-  
tively , and as freely answered his de-  
mands , departing every man to his  
Cottage .

\* O strange  
and never-e-  
quall'd acci-  
dent , that as  
Zara surpas-  
sed all Knights  
in the world  
for courage &  
true Magna-  
nimity , so he  
might be fur-  
nished with  
Warlike Ha-  
biliments , as  
never any  
worthy gave  
himself war-

The dusky shades of night had now enveloped the world, and *Zara* (by the suffrage of one of the Fishermen *Piscatorio*) was conducted (with his new acquired Courier, and war-like Furniture) into a sedgie Cot, where he was kindly received by *Piscatorio's* wife, and set to supper with a Cods head, and a Salmons tayle, wheron he and *Soto* fed like Farmers, nor was drink wanting (a kind of Sider \* made of Alder-Berries and Wildings) whereof (having cured their Garments of the Dropsey) they drank merrily, till the time of night warned them to their rest, they therefore came to their lodging of clean Rye-straw, with Battavian Blankets, where we will leave them to their Repose.

\* This malt  
needs be a  
comfortable  
kind of drink



## CHAP. II.

Zara arrives at Zardona-pola-Mancha, the chief City of No-Land, the Religion of the No-Landers. Zara comes to Court, and joyns himself with the rest of the Knights and Champions; they present their Swords, Shields, &c. at the feet of Maulkina and Dowcabell: their exquisite Impressa's and Devices. Zara's Motto more taken notice of then any: With other accidents.

The chearfull Cock had thrice given notice of Aurora's approach, when the Champion (rowing Soto from his rest) appareled himself with exceeding cheerfulness, being now assured that the Destinies did own his resolvs by a peculiar approbation, having so miraculously provided him a case for his skin, with a horse seeming of the Bucephalian breed, he longed to see himself once more in Armour, and to manage his proud Palfrey, as none but Zara could do; Soto was soon

soon ready, and the honest Fisherman also, who (burthening his board with the best Provant his Cottage could afford, and the Champion and Soto having fed as men doubting a future repast) took his leave of the Champion, being exceeding joyous, that it was his fortune to be one of those whom Fate had ordained as a consolatory Instrument for the furthering of so noble a Nephew of Mars ; Our Knight (having received instructions from his courteous Host, which way to betake himself.) mounted Sato behind him, to make his way with the more celerity, not ceasing to hasten his horses pace til he beheld the great City *Zardona-pola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of No-Land, whose argent Spires being beaten upon by the Sun-beams, rendted a most fulgent delight to the gazer ; In this City there were no less

\* By this may be gathered the numberless numbers of Inhabitants, up-risers and down-lyers in this mighty City. \* nine hundred thousand Churches, the No-lands worshipped a God, they called in their language *Porco*, the reason that they not onely abstained from Swines flesh, but by publick Edict made it death for any to kill those kind of creatures, imbracing the Society

Society of Scots and Jewes with the highest regard; Zara who had never yet resided in so populous a place, was on the sudden surprized with (I know not what) anxiety, so that \* he sat a long time on his horse back in a profound study, but perceiving Soto (who was just now restored to his feet) to eye him with a very strict regard, he rode on, and came to the very Gates of the City, whose streets he found paved with Aggats, the houses twelve stories high, all of Alablafter, and every shop-keeper clad in Persian Silks, their wives in cloth of Gold, whose bodies were even burthened with precious Stones; the Citizens ran out in heaps to gape upon this strange Knight, so that if the Champion had not had a brow more solid then Brass, he had been brought to ruine by very bashfulness; it was not long ere he attained the sight of the Palace built of Parian Flint, and Porrian Free-stone, with such admirable art, that it was justly accounted the eighth wonder of the World; its inside was all of Ophyr Gold, the Beds, stools, and Dresser-boards of Ivory;

\* Caution mixt with courage caused this Dilemma, our Champion being as wise as valiant.

on the top of the Palace(after the old Roman manner) were many rare gardens, watered with Chrystalline Rivulets, wonderfull to behold : The very day that our Champion visited the Court, were all those Knights that were met together on the behalf of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* (whose history we lately gave you) assembled in the Palace-yard, a place of that magnitude, that *Xerxes* might there have mustered his Army ; Prince *Paraclet*, *Emansor*, the Princesses *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with all the prime Nobles and Ladies of the Court, in their richest Adornments, sat in a Theater contrived on purpose for this busines, beneath Canopies of state, the walls of the Theater being hung with Velvet, enamelled with Gold, whereon were curiously pourtrayed many ancient stories, the Expedition of the *Argonauts* for the Golden sheep, the Labours of *Hercules*, *Deucalions* Flood, the Destruction of *Troy*, *Medea* and *Jason*, with \* the Loves of *Dorastus* and *Farnia*, the Knights were all on foot(which caused our Champion also to alight, giving his Steed to *Soto*)

\* O. *Nero*  
and *Leander*

Soto) their Squires (who were all clad in Crimson Taffaty) holding their Steeds in one hand, and their Shields in the other; each Champion had his Sword girded about him, with his Spear in his hand, as prepared for present encounter, *Zara* not excepted; which solemnity being ended, they one after another presented their Swords, Spears, and Shields, at the feet of divine *Maulkina* and the beauteous *Dowcabell*; the first was a Knight of *Pbrigia*, whose Device (engraven on his Shield) was a Dog biting his Fleas, very busily, with this Motto:

*There is no trust  
unto the Winds or Seas,  
Those that lye down with Dogs,  
shall rise with Fleas.*

The Knight  
of the Dog.

The next was a Knight of *Transilvania*, the son of a great Duke named *Sbarkino*, his Device was a Lion Rampant, but without Teeth or Nayls, with this Motto:

*The Kingly Lyons Teeth  
have left his jaws,*

The Knight  
of the tooth  
less Lion.

**DON ZARA** Book.3  
*His voyce can kill,  
 though wanting teeth or claws.*

The third was a Knight of *Malta*, a man very eminent for his valour against *Ottoman*, his Device was a Jack Pudding dancing on the Ropes, with this Motto :

The Knight  
of the Pud-  
ding.

*He who dares wear a face  
 that bites like Mustard,  
 The maul, as Pudding  
 macerates his Custard.*

The fourth was a Knight of *Sardinia*, of an excellent form, insomuch that *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* had their eyes continually fixed upon him, his Device was a *Jack-an-Apes*, playing upon a Jews-trump, with this Motto:

The Knight  
of the  
Jackanapes.

*Play on melodiously  
 (magnifick Jack)  
 Untill my Sword shall win  
 thee Nuts to crack.*

The fifth was a Shentleman of *Wales*, *Ap Sion, ap Owen, ap Richard, ap Morgan, ap Hugh, ap Brutus, ap Sylvius, ap Aeneas*, his Device was a large Cheese

slit

slit asunder in the midſt, toasting before a fire of Turf, with this Motto :

If her ploud be up  
twice and onos,  
Take very many heeds  
to bide her pones ;  
Merlin her Country-man,  
Witnesſ for her can ;  
God pleſſe her, none in  
Heuropē can appeafe,  
Her anger's like a piece  
of toasted Cheeſe.

The Knight  
of the toſted  
Cheeſe.

The ſixth was a Knight of Muscovia, a big man, but of a very Mafculine Aspect; this was he that ſtole away the Infanta of Spain in a Moonſhine night, mangre all her Guards, and married her to his ſon Lurdanio, his Device was a Civet-Cat diſburthening her ſelf *a posteriore* into the Helmet of a Knight in ſhining Armour, who held forth his Head-piece very handſomly, his Motto :

True typs of her,  
whose breath's perfum'd I find,  
Whether ſhe went it  
forward or behind.

The Knight  
of the Civet  
Cat.

Then

Then came *Zara* (for it would be tedious to relate all) with a Majestick pace, and was received by *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with a lowd laughter, a favour they had not yet afforded to any save himself, his Device was an Owl in an Ivie-Bush, with this Motto:

*Ravens and Daws in troops put on,*  
*The Knight But Owls and Eagles flye alone,*  
of the Owl in an Ivie-  
*My Sbield, Horse, Armor, Helm & Sword,*  
*Bush. Are own'd by Pallas and her Bird.*

This Device was much laught at by some of the Noble-men and Ladies, and derided by the Knights of little knowledg, which our Champion wel enough perceived, and wisely winked at, though within himself he vowed a sudden and sharp revenge ; but the truth is, our *Don* (being utterly a stranger to Letters) was wholly ignorant of the matter, else no doubt his sagacitie had sought out some other Emblem more suitable to his own serenity, and yet this (seemig) despicable Badge will not want a second owner, which shall occasion the most dreadfull Duell that has bin foughten since

since the Creation, as the Process of the History will inform : This Solemnity over, the Knights were admitted to lay their lips to the Lilly hands of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, and after the thanks of *Paraclet* and *Emansor*, were conducted to a stately Pavillion, being feasted after the most sumptuous manner ; then they fell to Dancing, but *Zara* excused himself from that imployment, as an effeminity he never affected, who had rather fight then brisk, but for owning and celebrating Healths he was not inferiour to any, till the intoxicating fumes so buffeted his brains, that he was forced to disgorge himself even at the Table, which some queazie appetites were angry at, but the stronger sort of constitutions bore withall, as a thing incident to tottering Mortality ; And that nothing might be wanting to an accomplished Entertainment, a Masque was this night presented in the Royall Theater.

*A splendid, pompous, & delightful Show,*  
*(Som say) by Johnson, Jones, or Inigo.*



## CHAP. III.

*The presentation of a never-equal'd  
Masque, Don Pantalone (resolving to  
Quarrell Zara) imploys Don La-Fisk to  
bear his Challenge, &c.*

Prince Paraclet and Emanfor, the Heaven-born Maulkina and divine Dowcabell, with all the Nobles and Madams of the Court, being seated each according to their degree; the Knights Errant were also placed according to their severall Gradations, and the Musick having charmed their fences with a Celestiall Dyrathamb, they were presented with a curious Contrivance, called

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Venus



## Venus and Adonis. : A Masque.

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The Frontispiece was a thick-grown Wood, replete with Lions, Tygers, Bears, Antilopes, Panthers, and other Beasts of prey; *Sylvanus*, *Priapus*, *Pan*, and other Wood-Gods, cracking of Nuts, and eating of Apples, while the following Song was sung to the Tabor.

### S O N G.

[*sway.*

**H**ail happy Powers, whose harmlesse  
All the Sylvans do obey;  
Had those above fed like to you,  
(On Acorns and on Rain-bow Dew)  
When the World lay in its Cradle,  
And there was no fiddle faddle,

Saturn.

Saturn had still kept his Throne,,  
And not been outed by his Son ;

*'Tis head-strong Wine,  
And Manchet fine,  
That irritates  
Ambitious pates :*

Pan never quarrels with Sylvanus,  
(For every Wood-god worships Janus)  
The beauteous Nymphs are all in common,  
None's the better Gentlewoman ;  
With a baneless love they greet,  
Horns, and nayls, and cloven-feet.

### CHORUS.

*Then unto the Woods let's wander,  
To find out Hero and Leander.*

This Song ended, twelve Nymphs, and as many Satyrs cast themselvs into a figure for the Dance; which done, the Wood-gods, with the Nymphs and Satyrs withdraw, and the Goddess *Venus* with her Son *Cupid*, and her Hand-Maids the Graces are discovered.

### VENUS.

Nay, by my Altars that are reaking,  
And those Lovers that are sneaking,  
Homeward after full enjoyment,  
Either accept of this imployment,

(Fro-

(Froward Boy) or else Ile strip thee,  
And with Rods of Roses whip thee;  
I have often (to my sorrow)  
Felt the Launcings of thy Arrow,  
Jove and Juno, Hermes, Hebe,  
Mavors, Bacchus, yea and Phebe,  
With the God that guides the Surges,  
(Riding like a Belgick Burges)  
Will rejoice (like to inferiors)  
While I plow up thy Posteriors,  
Take away his Bow and Darts,  
While I scourge him till a' smarts.  
Bare his breech. *Thalia* —

*CUPID.* -- had I

Tane the counsell of my Daddy  
(Whom you cuckold every hour)  
By this I might have scornd your po-  
Cannot Mars his steely chine, [wer.  
(Who has almost lost his eyne  
With over-doing) nor Anchyses,  
With his Piltrums and his Spices,  
(To heighten Appetite) nor Peleus  
Sate your conduct to Cornelius;  
But Adonis must be brought on,  
To a thing he never thought on.

*VENUS.*

Impious Elf (Æneas broher) [ther,  
What's that to thee who rides thy Mo-  
Horse him *Thalia*, --?

*Thalia*

*THALIA--Spare, O spare  
(Great Goddess) this thy son & Heyr,  
Lest on a Clown he make me doat-a,  
I dare not touch his filken Coat-a.*

*VENUS.*

*Do't, if thou despise thy duty,  
I'le make thee fetch a Box of Beauty,  
From the bottom of black Hell,  
As P/byche did (as stories tell.)*

*Here the Graces ceaze upon Cu-  
pid, and prepare him for the lash.*

*CUPID.*

*Hold, (sweet Honey-Mother) hold,  
I confess I've been too bold,  
If I live but till to morrow,  
(As Gods can't die) I'll send an Arrow  
Into Adonis Marble brest,  
Headed with a Hornets nest.*

*VENUS.*

*On this condition take thy ramble,  
To make the wombs of Ladies wamble,  
But fail not as thou lov'st my smile,  
Now I'le take Coach for Cyprus Ile.*

*Venus, Cupid, and the Graces being  
gore, Adonis (like a Huntsman)  
is seen with his setting Dog.*

*ADONIS.*

*Come my Canicula (sweet Cur)  
In thy throat thou hast a bur*

I fear, thy voyce was went to ring,  
 With redoubled echoing ;  
 "Strange thing, when Dogs forget  
 their tones,  
 "And Letchers leave their Marrow-  
 bones  
 "Unbroken, in this shady Wood,  
 (Where shaggy Satyrs use to scud)  
 I reign sole Monarch of content,  
 And ne'r think what my father spent,  
 To get and breed me; Pox a' wooing,  
 'Tis fulsom to be awayes doing;  
 My life is strict, and right Laconick,  
 That love is best that is Platonick :  
 To hunt the swift-foot Stag, & follow  
 The furious Bear w<sup>th</sup> whoop & hollow  
 Is my best delight,— So--ho,  
 Follow me *Canicula*.

*C U P I D.*

Thanks Jove, see, where all alone is,  
 My Mothers misery *Adonis*,  
 But I'le mollifie his mind,  
 "They are fools that think me blind;  
 Have at thee *Adon*-\* so, 'tis done,  
 Breech, thy preservation  
 Is sign'd and seal'd; now must I go,  
 To wound a wanton Ladies toe.

\* Here the  
Bow-string  
cry'd twang.

*Adonis being wounded, Cupid goes off, leaving him to his Love passion.*

*A D O N I S.*

Ye Gods that govern Man and Mouse  
 The King, the Duke, the Lord, the lous  
 What an uncouth change is here,  
 I am in love np to the ear,

\* The deadly \* So that I could court (me-thinks)  
 image of love. A wench that wants a nose, & blinks,  
 Were she splay-footed, gummy-ey'd,  
 With all deformities beside  
 That can be mention'd ; all too long  
 I have done beauteous *Venus* wrong ;  
 Great God of Love to thee I bow,  
 " Thou art a devillish Rogue I vow ;  
 Fire, fire, I burn, I burn,  
 And shortly shall to cinders turn,  
 Unless some courteous femall fall,  
 Beneath the Parent of all.

## VENUS.

How now, my dear *Adonis*, what ?  
 With thy self in busie chat ?  
 When, when O when shall *Venus* find,  
 The flinty-soul'd *Adonis* kind.

## ADONIS.

Squeeze me like to Milky Curds,  
 Drain all my sappy bulk affords,  
 Let me dwell upon your \* Spot,  
 You shall find me cold and hot ;  
 But must not fail in Retribution,  
 When you find my constitution.

## VENUS.

\* Venus is  
 much praised  
 by Ancient  
 Poets for her  
 Mole, &c.

## VENUS.

Come then (my Paramour) let's sally  
 To my Rosie Bower, and dally,  
 Till our kexey joynts complain,  
 Then we will take breath again.

*Venus and Adonis being  
 gone, the wild Boar, who  
 (according to Theocritus)  
 was deeply in love with A-  
 donis, is seen.*

## BOAR.

I must enjoy thee (upon any score)  
 Adonis, or else cease to be a Boar ;  
 I that despise the Javelin & the Spear,  
 Whose murthering Tusks the sternest  
 Mortalls fear,

Do stoop unto a stripling, had I thee  
 Within my power, thou fightles Deity  
 I'd crumble thee to attoms, & devour  
 Thy laughing Mother in her flowery  
 Bower.

Maſt will not down, I loath my won-  
 ted Food,  
 The unſeen flame does ſet on fire my  
 blood,  
 Licks up my moyſture, and ſo loud I  
 grunt,  
 My voice is heard hence to the He-  
 leſpont.

ADONIS.

Twas long (*Alcides*) e'r thy back was  
right,  
Having mounted fifty Virgins in one  
night.

Voracious *Venus* (void of ruth)  
Has had no mercy on n'y youth.

## BOAK.

Beauteous *Adonis*, hark ; how long in  
vain,  
Unto thy seal'd up ear shall I com-  
plain,  
Thy scorn will kill me ; Nature can-  
not save  
His life, whom Love shall lead unto  
the Grave.

O pitty my perplexity, though rude  
In form, my heart is full of gratitude;  
My mind's as smooth as pibble,  
    though my hide

Be rough, & I have other gifts beside,  
May sign my Patent for a Ladies clip,  
Though I confess my hair will hurt  
her lip :

What ere this Wood affords shall call  
thee Lord,  
So thou wilt deign but love for love  
t'afford.

ADONIS.

Hence bristled Monster, canst thou hope  
My love, I'll first imbrace a Rope,  
And on some fatall Yeugh resign  
My life, foul Monster, filthy Swine ;  
I will procure a *Guy of Warwick*,  
Though I explore from hence to Ear-  
wick

(If thou desist not) that shall wear,  
Thy head upon his charmed Spear.

*BOAR.*

Nay, then tis time to cast of al remors  
For when intreaties fail, to practice  
force,  
Is Orthodox *Adonis*, by the Gods,  
And their celestiall ever-blest abodes,  
I must enjoy thee. —

*Here the Boar endea-  
vouring to express love to  
Adonis, wounds his ten-  
der skin with his Tusk,  
which kills him.*

*ADONIS.* — O I'm slain,  
This bawdy Boar hath wrought my  
bane.

*BOAR.*

Out alas, what have I done ?  
He is dead as sure as Gun,

Faln like some Poplar (in his pride)  
 Planted by a Rivers side,  
 Wounded by a Pelean Ax,  
 In Heaven now a Paralax.

O, O, ye infernall Juries,  
*Rhamnusia*, & ye Snake-hair'd Furies,

*The Boar is in an ex-  
 tream Agony.*

Ye Harpies, Hags and Gorgons fell,  
\* Horror of  
conscience. \* Methinks I'm hurrying now to hell,  
 Witness ye Powers above, that I  
 Was not martherous willingly,  
 I would have hug'd him, but mistook,  
 And therfore (sure) may have my book  
 Where shall I bath this vexed body,  
 Tormented to a Hoddy-Doddy?  
 Within some gloomy Cave I'll pine,  
 And never drink, nor never dine,  
 Till I look like salt and piss,  
 And *Hermes* summon me to *Dis*.

### VENUS.

— with the Graces.

### VENUS.

Here he was wont to go, and here  
*Tellus* being proud to bear  
 So rich a burthen, -- O my heatt,  
 When with *Adonis* I did part :  
 Just such a figh I fetcht in sooth-la.  
 I hope *Jove* will protect the youth-l.

From

from scathe; sad thoughts do clog my soul,  
Which like to Neptunes waves do roul  
And ride on one anothers backs,  
My nether parts do melt like Wax,  
or Butter in a Basting-Iadle.

What do I see, -- do my eyes dazzle?

Or is *Adonis* drown'd in gore?

O Fortune thou most damned whore,  
What hast thou done? lift heaven hier

Good Gaffer *Atlas*; that my fire

Of rage may have ful vent; no stone is <sup>The God-</sup>  
More cold then my( once dear) *Adonis*, <sup>deis falls</sup>  
<sup>upon the</sup> His Nerve that wont to heave & stand <sup>dead body</sup>  
Stiff as a stake at my command,

Now droops and hangs the head, his wounds  
Do yawn like chapt & parched grounds.

What Monster more then fel with fang

Of ruine, would destroy so young,  
So fair, so smooth, so deft a Lad,  
Of whom such comfort *Venus* had.  
O I am wild with rage; thy bulk  
(Dear boy) in a rich Urn shall skulk,  
With rich perfums, & whit-bred crums  
Rich Odours, and Sabeans Gums.

Take up the precious load my Graces  
But ware he piss not in your faces;  
For so (some say) d ad people do,  
This fatall Wildernes shall rue

Thy ruine Adon, Tempests shall,  
 Tear up the Oaks, the Elms, the small,  
 The great, the fruitful, and the barren,  
 With a Hors-pox and a Murren.  
*Lead on & weep till ye are blind, the while  
 We seat Adonis on his Funerall Pile.*

*Venus* and the Graces (carrying the dead *Adonis*) being gone off, Tempests and storms destroy the Wood, and nothing appears but a thick Stage, and a thin-jaw'd Poet, who thus Epilogizes.

## EPilogue.

*Thus have you seen Adonis dreary Fate,  
 The Boars ill luck, & Venus wretched state  
 Masques are no common things, specially such  
 As this, that leans upon no staff or crutch;  
 The Poet stands within biting his nayls,  
 Sometimes his hope, sometimes his fear pre-  
 vails:*

*Trotb he's a pretty man, and comes as new  
 Tom Nabs (whose Microcosmios b. m  
 Peer)*

\* A Mocke  
Masque int  
ended for  
the Press.

*As any he alive; If this don't like ye,  
 Next time Cupido coms, & Madam Psyche  
 This*

This Masque (as how could it chuse) found a generall applause, not so much as one crittick in so great a crowd ; but by this time half the night was spent, so that Prince Paraclet, Emanfor, Maulkina and Dowcabell, betook themselfs to their rest, whose example the Courtiers of both sexes followed, onely the Knights (*Zara* excepted) resorting to the place where they had supped some hours before, resolve to salute *Somnus* with a bowl of *Bacchus* his blood, drinking so deep, that ye would have thought every man there Master of more \* Amethysts then one, so that the place where they were, seemed the very Bower where the blyth Delphick God tipples Sack, and keeps his Bacchanalias ; but while they were quaffing, *Zara* was sleeping, but he little imagins what plots are even now (at this ominous hour of night) contriving against him, for the Knights Errant being now (in their own conceits) discreeter then *Socrates* or *Solon*, and valianter then *Achilles* or *Alexander the Great*, began every man to

\* A kind of shining pib-ble found in the Desarts of Devon shire, which whosoever shall butter and bury in his belly in a morning fasting, shall be sure to shew drunckenesse that day.

pride himself in his own praise, and to enumerate the many Combats and perillous Atchievements they had bin guilty of; this man having vanquished the Knight of the Moon, and Seven Stars, who had nine fingers upon each hand, was ful six yards in height, and was thought able to rout a Royal Army; this having taken in that Cittadell, maugre the opposition of a thousand men; a third having rescued the Persian Sophy, when surrounded with twelve millions of Turks, who were leading him captive to Constantinople; these vapours dissipated, they began to discourse every man of his Horse, Armour, and Shield, &c, each maintaining his own for the most Authentick: This discourse put sum in mind of our Champion Don Zara, whom every one censured as he listed, onely the Knight of the P U D-D I N G (for so was *Don Pantalone* the Knight of *Malta* called, because of the *Jack-Pudding* in his Shield) was most vehement, who articed against him as a man both insipid and incapable as to Military Atchievements; this was the Knight whose Horse, Armour, Shield,

Shield, &c. was made Zara's by miracle, being (by an unparalell'd providence) drag'd to shoar by Fishermen, and by them conferr'd on our Champion, as the first Chapter of this Book has inform'd; for *Don Pantalone* (being bound for No-land) was shipwrackt on those very Seas where our Champion was cufft over-board, and was the onely mortall except a Spartane Spaniell) that escaped the danger (as it seems) by the agility of his arms, and now this most dangerous and degenerate Knight (envying the boon of Heaven) would recover those Emoluments by force, which (no doubt) were worthily torn from him by the fraud of Fate, openly owning the Horse, Armour, and Shield, and execrably protesting that he would be Master of them within forty hours, or leave his dead body as a witness of his Devoyre; this Resolve was highly praised by some, and as much cryed down by others; but *Pantalone* was too proud to hearken to a'hortments, and therefore (betwixt drunk and sober) he wrote a Challenge,

Ienge, desiring the Knight of the Ape  
 (for so was *Don-La-Fisk* the Knight  
 of *Sardinia* called, because of the  
 Ape playing on a Jewes-Trump in  
 his Shield) to carry it about \* eight  
 in the morning to our Champion  
*Don Zara*; This done, (being scarce  
 able to tipple any longer) the  
 Knights adjourned their House for  
 some hours.

\* The time  
 that all  
 Challenges  
 ought to be  
 carried, or  
 not at all.  
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CHAP. IV.

Don Zara first appears in the Lists, where Don-la-Fisk presents him with Pantalones Challenge; His stern reply. Duke-la-Fool with two thousand armed Knights enters the Lists, and is totally routed by Zara. He is deeply enamoured on the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia, to whom he directs an Epistle, &c.

THE Sun had no sooner seated himself in his flaming Throne, but the Heralds (by sound of Trumpet) warned the Knights Errant to meet in the Palace-yard, there to betake themselvs to the businesse of the day, but those intoxicating fumes that usually attend ebriety, had so sealed up their senses, that you would have thought Knight Errantry both dead and buried, had not the truely valiant and most redoubted *DON ZARA DEL FOGO* appeared (with *SOTO*) compleatly Armed, mounted

mounted on his courageous Courier, whom he called after the name of his late lost Palfrey, *Founder-foot*, and brandishing his bright weapon (like another *Aetorides*) he seemed to denounce Defiance to all under the Cope ; nor , indeed , was he over-confident of his Abilities, though having had but little experience hitherto of his own Fortitude ; for by instinct (as it were) he on the sudden became sensible of the wondrous vigour absconded in the mysterious folds of his Charmed Belt, which (as by a providence unthought of, or unseen) could prote&t him from the edge of ravenous steel, though Tilted at him by the same\* man that tore off

\* See Mythagorus Poeticus, or the Muses Interpreter, fol. 20000.

? Cornucopia Achelous his horn, and (being in a rage) threw it into Troy-novant, where being taken up (as if it had been sent from Heaven) it became the\* City badge, though (I know not for what cause) it be not quartered with their Arms ; he had not long travers'd the lists, but the Knight of the Ape, *Don la Fisk*, on foot, onely with his Battle-Ax and bastinado, saluted him, proposing a written paper unto him, which

which put our Champion into much perplexity, not that he dreaded a Challenge from the most approved Knight in the World, but lest he should be lyable to the castigation of the censorious, as one not acquainted with Alphabeticall Tables ; but his ingenuity (by a most apt contrivance) prevented the murther of his Fame, for (as despising so triviall an imployment) he called for *Soto* with as much indignation as haste, who came tremblingly to receive the mandates of his Master ; the Champion gave him a check for his non-residen-  
cy, but yet with so calm a counte-  
nance, that he might behold him without blasting : Here,quoth *Zara*, read the contents of this Paper, which done, fold it up for Bum-fodder ; *Soto* receiving the Scrole, found it fraught with this very language :

## SYRRAH,

**T**Hough I cannot prove how, or where <sup>The Chal-  
lenger</sup> thou attainedst those glorious Arms, strong  
that Achillean Shield, and that Steed,  
yet I will make it good on thy Carrion Corse, that thou camest Felloniously by  
them ;

them; they are mine, and as mine I demand their speedy surrender, as thou wouldest escape being beaten, abominably beaten; I will not rail on ye, but I will Cudgell and kick ye most Heroick Champion; therefore (if thou beest wise) speedily un-case and dismount thy self, sending my Horse, Armour, and Shield, else expect no mercy, from

## DON PANTALONE.

Soto was so amazed with the terrible tenor of this Epistle, that he could scarce prolong his breath to pronounce his name that thus menaced his Master; but from Zara's eyes you might perceive flashes of subtil lightning, incessantly streaming, \* his face was strangely altered, Death sat upon his front in a new shape, more dreadful then ever Painter yet fancied him, so that Don-la-Fisk (a man otherwise stout enough) was lost to his wonted courage, and began to repent him of his ready undertaking so mortall a Message, to whom after a bite of the lip, and a little pause, our Champion returned this Answer.

\* Zara's Indignation, having heard Pantalone's Defiance.

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I know not, said he, whether my Clemency would be greater in sparing, or my justice in sacrificing thy life (lost man) who hast had the boldness to present me with this putrid Paper, from him whose limbs shall shortly feast the Fowls of the Ayr; did ever so voluminous a vaunt find foundation on so vain a confidence? What is this fellow? or from whence? but No-land shall not shelter him from my vengeance, were he wall'd in with Dragons, and arm'd with the same Thunder that Jove is; as for you, though you have justly merited the weight of my anger, yet I will adjourn your Fate, for no other reason, but that you return my Answer to the Slave that sent you.

Having uttered this (in a tone that sufficiently manifested the mightiness of his wrath) he put spurs to his horse galloping up and down the Lists with such fury, that the ground groaned under his Horses hoofs, when behold Don Pantalone (as eager of Combat as himself) rode up to him with the highest Valour and Resolution, charging

charging him with his drawn Sword; Our Champion (who would fain have been fighting with any man) imagined that this was he who had so grossly abused him, and had there put a period to his life, had not Duke La-Foole with two thousand armed Knights just then entred the Lists; Duke-la-Foole was armed much like that haughty Pagan King Feragus, of whom the most excellent of our English\* Poets thus sings :

\*Martin Parker's Heroick Poem, called Valentine & Orson, Dediccate to all the Nobles and Gentry of either Sex throughout this Nation.

— With a Skirt of Mayle,  
A Helmes of strong Brass  
upon his head,  
A Shield of the same Mettal,  
which to fail,  
Was not ordain'd,  
a Sword two handfuls broad, instead  
Of ponderous Club,  
he bore a well-grown Oak,  
Which threatned certain death  
at every stroak.

This caused the two Knights to forbear one another, and turn their fury upon these Strangers, what Homericall or Virgillian Pen can perfectly

fectly paint the admirable deeds done by *Don Zara*, who (being invulnherable) had soon sent five hundred of *Duke-la-Fools* Knights to *Dis*; so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emansor*, and the Nobility of *No-land* (being awakened by the trampling of Horses, and the clashing of Armour) forsook their beds, and stood to behold the conflict on the Battlements of the Palace, imagining that *Mars* himself was descended from Heaven, in the shape of a man; How did they praise his Prowesse? how magnifie his Magnanimity? By this time the Knights had taken the Allarm, and as one man came to their assistance; But O ye vindictive Powers, what a slaughter was then commenced! Here some lay spewing out their hearts blood, there others headless; here one without armes, there another without legs, environed with a Lake of blood; nor did the fury of the Fight take any to mercy, save *Duke-la-Fool* himself, and 6 more, who being made captive, were carried to Prince *Paraclet* and *Emansor*, who immediately rewarded their treachery Duke La-  
Fool beheaded.  
with the loss of their heads: Twelve

of Paraclets Knights were slain in this bloody encounter ; but *Zara* (covered over with blood and sweat, by a Messenger from the Princes) was singled out from the rest, and brought before Prince Paraclet, *Emansir*, *Malkina*, and *Dowcabell*, who affording him the respects due to a Deity, attributed the Victory, together with their preservations (in so eminent hazard) merrily to his Valour, enquiring his name and Countrey, to the first he yielded a ready responfion, but to the other he answered in very obscure terms ; the Princes and all there admire the mans valour, but more his modesty, imagining him a Saint as well as a Souldier, for what Syntax is there betwixt a Helmet and a Cap of Maintenance ; the Princess *Maulkina* gave him many amorous glances, and no doubt had fixed her affection on him, had she not doubted his acceptation, being deceived with the colour of his countenance ; indeed a warlike Ammunition face, yea so preter-naturall, that it seemed rather a Vizzard then a face, but his mind more smooth then polished Pewter, and softer then the

Ravens

Ravens feather, as may appear by his being surprized ( even now in the height of his anger, when his illustrious soul moyed in the very Apogæum of death and vengeance, so much was he incensed against the Knight of the Pudding ) with one of the Princess Waiters, named *Madona-del-Simplicia*, a creature of a most excellent form :

*Her gallant grey eyes,  
Like Stars in the skies,  
Denoted the whiteness of her two thigbes.*

Her face Rivalling the fairest of the Fatall Sisters; this is the Goddess to whom our Champion offers his vows, to this fair Idea he paid his zealous Orisons , calling her the Throne of Pleasure, and the very Promontory of perfection , yet (such a bushfulnes was he born withal) could not our Champion (though he earnestly endeavoured it ) compell his tardy tongue, to deliver of what his heart dictated, though his soul (which brought its own sacred fire with it) did (mentally ) present her with a wounded Oblation, burning on her

brick Altar, offered up with as reall a devotion as ever *Cupid* elevated any; but his love was very ill placed, for *Simplicia*, though fair of face, had a heart more rough then the Posteriors of a Bear, nor did she so much as return one smile to the Champion, who for a long time had earnestly gazed upon her, a thing that Prince *Paraclet* and all there took speciall notice of, but were more stricken with wonder, when they beheld the Champion (without so much as taking his leave) fling away, and mount himself with as much haste, as he had even then bin Petitioned by some pensive Lady, for the infranchisement of her captivated Lord held in durance by some horrible Gyant.

\* The Author is in a pittifull plignt for his good Champion.

\* O Zara, Zara, these memorable Loves mentioned in those Authentick Histories of *Parismus*, *The Knight of the Sun*, or the Ingenuous *Don Quixot-de-la-Mancha*, upon the barren Mountains of *Morenna*, bewailing the disdain of the Lady *Dulcina-del-Toboso*, are but Leaden Legends, compared with thy more solid sufferance, in whose brest the little God seems sole-

ly to have seated himself, as in some Magnificent Metropolis, where he keeps his Court and gives Laws to the Nations of the earth.

But while the Princes and the rest were diversly censuring this Act of *Zara's*, he (with an Arrow in his bosom) had gained his lodgings, Love that in others causes affability, has in him a clean contrary operation, \* as

\*See Dr. Bul:  
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the feet.  
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the language of his face sufficiently demonstrated, looking so furiously that none durst speak to him, his Secretary *Soto* excepted, who took the privilege to talk to him, and demand the cause of this so sudden change.

Ah *Soto*, *Soto*, said the Champion, he whom neither Duke *La-Fool* nor his thousand Knights, whom the Knight of the Pudding *Don Pantalone*, nor all the Champions, Gyants, Monsters, Satyrs, Devils, and Dragons can vanquish, is now overcome with the looks of a weak, and (for ought I know) wanton woman, her face is continually in my fancy, and I must enjoy her, or cease to be mortal.

Sir, said *Soto*, this is no such pro-

digie as you would insinuate; your Predecessour the great *Hercules*, after all his Victories and Conquests, became a slave to his own Codpiece, and (by *Omphales* appointment) spun Shooe-makers thread, which imployement he pleyed to purpose all the day, not wishing any Sallary but to unravell at night: Was not the good Sir *Guy* flouted by *Philida* into a bondage, cost him much blood and sweat ere he could wriggle himself into her imbraces? Jove himself has been a Bull ere now, meerly to back *Io* the white-faced Cow? If then the greatest of Gods, and the most eminent among men, have been Vassals to *Venus*, and captives to *Cupid*; it had been strange if you (my Lord) who are a God, a Heroe, and what not, should not (at least) taste what they fed on almost to a surteit, nor need you dispair of a prosperous success, for what woman (though Mistress of more beauty then Loves Queen, or dignifi'd with more soveraign command then *Semiramis*) would not meet your motion half way, and blefs that Fate that furnished her with such

Mag.

Magnetick<sup>1</sup> perfections, to attenuate  
the love of so brave a man. Thou art  
excellent, quoth *Zara*, at versification,  
pen me presently a Copy of Verses,  
such as may gain thy self a never-fa-  
ding Fame, and me the fruition of  
her who is my Fate, upon whose  
smiles or frowns my Destiny depends.

\* My Lord, quoth *Soto*, I have onely  
sift of *Helicon*, and taken a nap or  
two upon *Pernassus*, but as I can, I  
will; so having taken off a bowl of  
Mereotick Wine, he took Pen in hand,  
and wrote these numbers.

\* *Soto's ex-*  
*treme mo-*  
*desty, who*  
*thought a*  
*most excel-*  
*lent Poet,*  
*will not*  
*vaunt him-*  
*self of his*  
*own abili-*  
*ties.*

*Fair Nymph, whose beauties all admire,*  
*Whose face does set the World on fire;*  
*Within whose brow (above the beak)*  
*The Graces play at Early-break,*  
*Whose every curle a Cupid bide,*  
*And many a sightleſſe God besides:*  
*Let not, O let not thy dire scorn,*  
*Make me wish th'badſt were been born,*  
*Or bring born (since I am ſhetten)*  
*Ere this thou hadſt been dead and rotten*  
*I am no vulgar Suppliant (Sweet)*  
*No Parish-child found in the street;*  
*My name is Zara, who of late*  
*Encountering La-Fool, broke his pate,*

*And sent his Errant Knights (poor men-a)  
Unto the bottom of Gehenna ;  
Then mayst be proud of this my proffer,  
For 'tis my first and onely offer ;  
The Love I prostrate unto thee,  
The mightiest Queens have beg'd of me ;  
Marthesia was once my Mistress,  
With Antiopa, and Thalestris,  
Women that did great fame deserve  
For handling Sword as well as Nerve :  
O let not then thy coynesse plunder  
His life, whom nought can kill but thunder.*

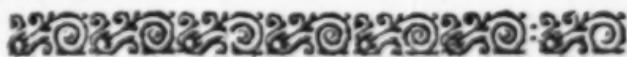
Your Beauties Vassale,

### DON ZARA DEL FOGO.

These deathless Verses having had  
Zara's approbation, were seal'd up in  
the form of an Epistle, and thus su-  
perscribed :

*For the most Magnetick, Illustrious,  
and divine Lady, the Lady  
Madona del Simplicia.*

Soto himself was the Messenger, be-  
ing hastned by Zara to a speedy de-  
parture.



## CHAP. V.

Soto comes to Court and delivers his Masters Letter to the Lady Madona del Simplicia. Her scornfull Reply. The Champion(being transported with passion) strikes Soto on the face. Soto turns upon his Master : A cruell Combat betwixt them. Zara meeting with Don Pantalone there happens a bloody and dreadfull Fight. Soto's death and revivall.

IT was now about the hour when every maw expected its meal, when Soto came to the Palace where he found the Lady *Madona-del-Simplicia* with the Princesses *Maulkina* and *Dowcabel* at dinner, and was forced (to his great grief) to wait in the Lobby till the time of exercising the teeth was over ; the custome of the *No-landers*, being quite different from that of other Nations, they never inviting any stranger to eat or drink, out of a conceit (it seems) that by their so doing

ing they should prejudice the sellers of Roast or Boyled in the City, who paid great Taxes to the Prince, and were ever the first who\* waited upon him to the Warres at their owne Charges; so that *Soto* having attended long with much impatience, was admitted to the presence of the Lady *Simplicia*, to whom (after many mannerly cringes) he presented his Masters Letter; the Lady, though she courteously received it, did not seem the least taken with the tenour, but having afforded a slight perusal, she

\* But though \* put it (not as *SOTO* expected in her  
the Lady seemed to slight his bosome) in her pocket, returning the  
Verses in Champion this Answer:

publike, she often made use of them in a Privie place.

That she did wonder a man of a strange Countrey, who for ought she knew was no more then a pretender to Arms, should be possessed with so bold a confidence to court her by Letter, whom he had never so much as spoken to; she willed him to forbear for the future any more to sollicite her by Letter, lest he involved himself in a Labyrinth, out of which he could not escape, but with the forfeit of

of his life, adding that if it were he (as she believed it was) who departed from the Presence in the morning, in so mad, or rather Clownish a manner, she could not think him fit for any Society, save those of the Black-Guard, being either not well in his wits, or a Coridonicall Coxcombe.

Having said this, she flung away her Gesture expressing the highest disdain, leaving SOTO in as much amazement as Ulysses his followers, when they felt themselves gradually giving up their manly shapes for that of Swine. What should poor SOTO do? to return to his Master with this nipping Answer, were to endanger his skin, and for to stay in this Inhospitable place were to starve his stomach; for a long time he stood like a man Soul-less; but at last his hunger overcame the thought of danger, and hee set forward towards his Masters Lodgings, who guessed the very event of the businesse by his face, but wisely disgiuising his fear, he

he cheerfully demanded what Answer the Lady had sent him. My Lord, said *Soto*, such an one as neither befits me to relate, nor you to hear. suffice it, she is a proud, disdainfull, contumacious woman, and is as likely to be won by your endeavours, as it is probable for me to make *Minerva* my Minion: This rather increased then mitigated the Champions inquiry, who commanded him, as he would avoid his wrath, to declare the whole carriage of the business. Since you will have it so, said *Soto*, know that she not only condemned your confidence for daring to importune her, but bespattered you with the odious epithets of Clown and Coxcomb. Death of my soule! said *Zara*, thou art alwayes (like the Raven) croaking my infortunity and disgrace, and I believe a cherisher rather then a confronter of those that calumniate me, in saying this (being transported with choller) he gave *Soto* so grievous a blow on the face,

\* The Champions invincible strength that it made him \* totter thirty paces from him, the blood gushing out of his

his nose very violently ; so that *Soto*, who (as it seems) had never before seen any such sauguinary flux, imagined himself wounded mortally, beyond all hope of escape, the grief whereof so exasperated him, that it gave him (as it were) a new soul, just when he lookt for no less then a separation of soul and bddy, and (O villainy ! ) he resolved to take vengeance on his Master as his Murtherer, and accordingly (with the highest courage) came up to the teeth of *Zara*, \*striking him twice or thrice on the chaps, in a most butcherly manner ; it was long ere the Champion (so great was his astonishment at this impudence of *Soto*) could believe both what he saw and felt, but having pregnant proof that *Soto* was indeed in earnest, and of a Secretary and an Assasinate, he redoubled his blowes with inexpressible indignation, which *Soto* not onely received, but retorted with almost equall force, so that the Combat grew both dangerous and dreadfull, and it was hard to determine

\*The outra-  
gious Conflict  
between Don  
*Zara* and his  
servant *Soto*.

mine which of they two should first purchase the Palm of Victory, for *Soto* (firmly conceiting that his latest hour was come) had sworn to his own soul to take his Master with him to *Tartarus*; this cruel contest continued for half an hour, till the Champion (as scorning to struggle any longer with his slave) closing with *Soto*, \* compelled him to the earth; and now having this Typhon down, good reason that he overwhelm him with a mountain, therfore he loaded his brest with the weight of his bulk, ever and anon affording him a cuff or two, which *Soto* not knowing how to retalliate but with his teeth, at one snap snatched away the tip of the Champions nose, which (with a Sardinian smile) he forced in his face, who now was skrew'd up to the highest key of anger, and therefore drawing his knife, he cruelly cut off both the ears of *Soto*, attempting (O Scythian ferity) to cram the new-cropt dowcets down his throat; by this one act of Barbarity he for ever disabled *Soto*, who now concluded himself as dead as a pickled Herring, and accordingly po-

\* Being acquainted (it seems) with that sleight of hand which Wrestlers call the Cornish Hug.

k.3.  
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*Soto*  
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stured himself as one fit for Funeall, which caused the Champion (who ever abominated to insult over a dejected, or dead Foe) to forbear the further prosecution of his rage, and imagining he had most certainly slain his servant and Secretary, he presently harnessed himself, and mounting his strong Steed (as if haunted with Furies, like *Orestes* or *Orlando*) he put spurs to his Palfray (all bedewed as he was with *Soto's* blood) with a resolve to find out *Don Pantalone*, the Knight of the PUDDING, and in one day to rid the world of two of his terriblest Enemies ; his eyes had scarce lost the sight of his Lodgings, where he beheld *Pantalone* riding towards him in shining Armour, his Sword drawn in his hand. *Zara* was something abashed to meet him so pat, yet scorning to have his Man of War sunk by a Sculler, he also drew his blade, and comming within six yards of him, said,

Art thou thit unmanner'd and degenerate Knight, that but yesterday didst send me a defiance by the Knight of the *Jackanapes*, challenging this Steed,

Steed, Arms, Shield, and Sword, as thine, and threatening to cudgell and kick me, in case I delivered them not up into thy custody, as the true owner.

Yes, said *Pantalone*, I am that very man, and will justify that challenge, proving with my life, that thou art an Errant Thief, and no Knight Errant, the shame of Knighthood and the stain of honour.

In saying this he gave his Steed a prick with his spur, who (as *Pantalone* had educated him) took a leap; which conveyed his Rider so neer our Champion, that striking him on the mouth with his hand and Gauntlet, he dislocated no less then four of his foremost teeth, what can we fancy how much our Champion was exasperated with this trecherous indignity; therefore spitting his useless Grinders in *Pantalone's* face (with such fury,

<sup>b</sup> The dreadfull Combat between Don Zata & Don Pantalone.

that he had almost unhorsed him)\* he gave the Knight of the Pudding so manly a blow on his Helmet, that he had cloven him to the waste, had not his Cap of steel been created by the Chalybes, and dipped in the River of

Bilboes;

Bilboe; *Pantalone* (who had never before felt such force) sat upon his horse back with a shivering amazement, but at length recollecting himself, he seemed to make ample amends for his late stupidity, by giving *Zara* a wide wound on his right arm, which could not have hapned had our Champions Belt been girt about him, by vertue whereof he defied the dint of Sword, but (by the appointment of some malevolent power) that miraculous Girdle (being broken in the midst by the vigorous motion of his body while he encountered with *Duke La-Fool* and his 10000. Knights) fell from his waste the day before, so that now (like the slack-sinew'd Hebrew Gyant, with his hair off) he was no more then a very Mortall, and yet the greatnessse of his spirit for a long time supplied that insupportable los, and he received wound upon wound with incredible patience; Nor was the Knight of the *Pudding* wholly exempted from danger (for to a Knight on hors-back, as is storied of the Centaurs, he that wounds the beast gashes the man) his Courser being wounded in

in the neck, and having a considerable cut over the nostril, so that *Pantalone* was every minute in fear that his Steed should swoon under him, and lye down with loss of blood ; in the mean time *Zara's* wounds were multiplied, yet his heart not mollified, resolving rather to dye courageously, then to make a cowardly Resignation of his Horse, Armour, Shield and Sword, and which was more then all, his person ; besides he had sufficiently tired himself ( one would think) in the late Battail against *Duke la-Fool* and his confederates, add to this his dismal Ingagement with *Soto*, and therefore ought to have been excused from Warlike imployment (at least) for some months. What could *Themistocles*, *Cleomenes*, *Hannibal*, *Alexander*, or the mighty *Montelyon*, Knight of the Oracle have done more; the excessive loss of blood so enfeebles him, that he is scarce able to brandish his blade, or to keep the Saddle, unless he grasp the pummell ; which *Pantalone* perceiving (like a good and gracious Knight) exhorted him to yield himself, and with the price of his

his Sword, Steed, Armour and Shield, to purchase a delivery from eminent death; I will, quoth Pantalone, not onely spare thy life, but be thy conduct to thy Lodging, thy wounds shall be sowed up by skilfull Chyrurgions, and thy body brought to a warm bed; Our Champion is now more \* vanquished by courtesie than by strength, being so much taken with this kind proffer of Pantalone, that alighting (though with much ado, by reason of his faintness) he took his Horse by the bridle, and humbling himself at Pantalones feet:

*Lo here, quoth he, is what not all the steel  
of Toledo, nor \* Bryareus, though each  
band of his had managed a Sword could  
have compassed, is effectually thy peerless  
candour, receive this Shield, this good  
Sword, these Arms, and this sturdy Steed  
as my gift (my worth will command more  
where ever Destiny shall drive me.)*

\* Zara's remarkable placability.

\* A German  
Fencer ha-  
ving a hun-  
dred hands.

The Knight of the Pudding (with a smile) received what our Champion so willingly surrendered, and seating himself on Founder-foot, afforded Zara a being at his back, leading his owne

O horse

horse in his hand (a thing that administered some cause of distaste to our Champion, but having taken a Truce with his Enemy, he would not be the first should break it) riding on till he came to Don Zara's Lodgings, the people gazing upon him all the way very wistly, and whispering vituperatively, which our Champion heard well enough, but discreetly took no notice, being now become the very Emblem of the Golden Age, when a Pidgeon shal converse with Vultures; nor was Pantalone perfidious, but (in order to his promise) very courteously caused a skilfull Chyronist to be called; himself beholding those wounds which his hands had lately given carefully closed up, and the bruised Champion laid in his bed, of whom having taken leave, he returned (with his Horse, Armour, Shield, and Sword) to the Knight of the Ape, and his other Companions.

It were needless to narrate what flouting, and what fleering there was amongst the bundle of Knights about this business of Don Zara, every man cen-

censuring as his fancy guided. The course of the History commands us to leave them to the guidance of their Fate, and return to *Soto* (earless *Soto*) whom we lately left dead on the floor all be-mangled by his Master; long time it was (though he felt the palpitations of his heart and pulse, and that he was as warm as a new-beaten Baillif) before *Soto* could be convinced of his Heretie, or believe himself to be alive, \* first he moved an arm, then a leg, and at last took such heart of grace, that he courageously leapt upon his feet, but the sight of his new-lopt ears had almost laid him along again; nevertheless (with trembling) he at length took up his Lugs, and having heedfully wrapt them up in paper, put them in his pocket, till time should furnish him with opportunity to afford them the Rites of Sepulture; being thus out of all doubt, that he was now as other Mornalls, save for some maymes which he was resolved to keep from being seen by the help of his hair, he began to be somewhat comforted; but that

\* *Soto's Resurrection*

very sort of sorrow which in others occasion drought, causes in him hunger, a sharp appetite to meat; he therefore began to consider what was become of his Master *Don Zara Del Fogo*, and to curse himself for opposing him as an equall, whom he ought to have adored as a Sovereign; having therefore resolved to finde him out, (and if it were possible) to reconcile himself, he resorted to the Host of the house where his Master resided, and very demurely demanded whether *Don Zara del Fogo* his Lord and Master were at home or abroad, in the Camp or the Court, answer was made, that he was just now conveyed to his bed (being much wounded) by a strange Knight, who seemed no other then he that had fought with him; *Soto* therefore enquiring what manner of man he was, and what Arms he wore, knew assuredly, that it was the Knight of the Pudding, *Don Pantalone*; he therefore resolutely went up to his Masters Chamber, but found the door fast locked, for the Champion having had his wounds bound

bound up, and being laid in a soft bed, had betaken himself to rest ; Soto knocked twice or thrice very soberly, but receiving no answer, he multiplied his stroaks, so long till *Zara* being awakened, demanded who was there ; Soto retorted, Your Servant and Secretary SOTO ; at which the CHAMPION (imagining by this time he had been laid in Earth), became much amazed, and in a distract-  
\* Zara takes Soto for a Ghost. See Felthams Resolveth the third Century, pag. 100000.

*I beseech thee, thou Spirit of wronged Soto, return to thy rest, and vex not him with thy clamours, who shall shortly visit thee in the other World.*

Soto replied :

*My Lord, we are both more happy than you conceit, I am alive, and Master of the same facultie of flesh that you are.*

At this the Champion scrambled out of his bed, and opening the door, Soto supported him to his former station, where being laid he enquired of Soto how and by what meanes he escaped, who related to him every particular both of his death and Revival : I shall the more chearefully

welcome Death, said the Champion, that thou art alive ; he then began to discourse what had hapned lately betwixt him and the Knight of the *Pudding*, and in the close of all com-manded meat to be brought, and was confirmed that *Soto* was no Ghost by his eating : By this time it grew late, *Cynthia* being mounted in the highest of her five and twenty Mansions, the Champion therefore, having imbra-ced *Soto*, permitted him to depart, and slank down into his bed the sec-ond time.

## CHAP. VI.

The Champion recovered of his wounds, but inwardly vexed at Simplicia's scorn, is comforted and restored by Soto's excellent Oratory. He and Soto forsake their Lodging to avoid an after reckoning. Having left No-land, they arrive in a continent where the Champion finds the winged Hog, promised him by Lamia; He and Soto mounting their bristled Beast, are carryed through the Ayre, meeting with many strange Adventures.

Our Champions exterior wounds  
are not so wide but they may eas-  
ily admit of cure, were not his inter-  
riours mortally vexed with the vigo-  
rous pangs of Love, the scorn of his  
Mistress *Simplicia* stuck Needles at his  
heart; his sick soule is surrounded  
with dolour, each thought is a thrust,  
and every cogitation a Carbonado.

\* Zara's  
dolefull  
Complaint.

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\* O Love, Love, said he, thou least of bulk, but greatest in strength of all the Powers immortall, what has *Don Zara* done unto thy Deity, that thou art so partiall in thy dispensations, emptying thy Quiver at his brest, and not ayming so much as one Arrow at her whose heart is more hard then Scythian Ice, or the scales of Dragons; Did not *Gylo* wash my head with warm Urine, and *Simplicia* flight my Addresses as I had rather been a Lowt then a Lord, a Coxcomb then a Champion, and a Knave Rampant then a Knight Errant; were my strength equall to my will, I would break thy Bow and Bolts about thy ears, and write thy Elegie with a Quill pluckt from thy own wing.

With these and the like fascinorous fancies, he wearied himself almost all that night, but Phœbus flinging about his Rayes to illuminate the world, *Soto* resorted unto him, using all possible perswasion to asswage his grief, but (alas) to no purpose, for the Fistula of Love had seized upon his very fundamentals, so that though he grew every day more and more healthy,

healthy, being now able to eat and drink devoutly, and traverse his Chamber as nimbly as a Berkshire Squirrell, yet within he was more sickly then a Subburb Letcher, or a drawl'd Prostitute, fitting her self for Fluxation, which *Soto* perceiving, thought it his duty to take him to task, and to endeavour to drive this Devill of *Paphos* out of him.

How now my Lord, said he, will you cast away that life which was given you to redeem others from death and destruction \* for a Fil-gig, a flurt, a fickle, fantastick, fallacious, foolish Female? What do we get by these Gim-cracks? Satiation of our lusts: What is this fruition we so much covet, but a kind of fulsome Recreation, that flags our Crests, and makes us look worse then stale Drunkards, or losing Gamesters that have sat up all night to undo themselvs? Be your self (my Lord) the Son of *Mars*, and not the slave of *Venus*; these whim-crown'd tumors un-man us all, and are at best but coveted calamities.

\*The Author  
disclaims this  
Inventive as  
none of his,  
but *Soto's*.

This

This Satyricall Oration so much prevailed with the Champion, that he was now quite changed into another man; his heart which before was as soft as Curds, is now totally petrified, and more obdurate then steel or Hangmen, so that he who some minutes since was Loves creature, is now more then his Conquerour; tis true, he shed abundance of tears, fighing and sobbing, as was pittifull to see; but these showers were but the preludiums to Thunder-cracks. My Arms (quoth he) O my Arms, my Sword, Shield, and Mace, but above all my Belt, the sad vicissitudes of two dayes have laid a foundation of misery for many Ages, bitten by a Bear, baffled by *Gylo*, reproached by *Simplicia*, and denuded by *Don Pantalone*; what horrour has Fortune yet to inflict? My Lord, said *Soto*, Fortune was ever a foe to noble minds, letting others pass as not worthy her notice; the tallest Trees and highest Towers are sometimes levell'd, when sheds and shrubs remain untouched: Engineers are sometimes blown up with their own Mines,

Mines, when Mouf-trap-Makers dye  
meerly with sickness or age; Dukes  
and Marquesses fall by the Bullet or  
the Ax, when Dunghill-Rakers and  
Maulsters out-live themselves; Did  
you ever know a Gnat perish of the  
Pox, Goats and Monkeys destroy  
themselves with Doing; that then  
which you look upon as the Indigna-  
tion of Heaven, is the Indulgency of  
Jove, witness wise Seneca:

*Prosperity and happy Fortune finds  
Out Tapsters, Tinkers, & untutor'd Hynds*

O who can sufficiently express the  
force of Eloquence! Our Champion  
is so charmed with Soto's Philosophi-  
call Elocution, that he cares now no  
more for a Sword, than an Ape for a  
clog; or for a Shield, than a Slave  
for a Bulls-pizzle; Armour is but a  
kind of honourable luggage, the con-  
fidence whereof causes Cowardice;  
and for Charmed Belts, and for such  
kind of Infernall securities, he said  
that the Devils word and his Oath  
were alike, and he was most safe that  
had

had least to do with him ; as concerning a Courser (he alleadging that it was both dangerous and despicable to travell ou foot) *Soto* informed that the very High-wayes and Hedges, but especially Meads and Marish grounds would afford them a pair of Palfrays; Heightned with these Heroick Rudiments, the Champion and *Soto* (each grasping a staffe or Truncheon in his hand) resolved to forsake *No-Land*, as a Continent onely fertile in Fatalities, and to travell to the remotest parts of the Earth, but they would finde men more faithfull, and women more flexible ; One morning therefore, while *Aurora* was combing her Crisped Curls, *Sol* being yet soundly sleeping in the Lap of *Tbetis*, they thought it fit to convey them, selves out of *Zardona-pola-Mancha* before their Host, or any of the household were stirring, the course of the Countrey carrying them through a Myrie Lane, almost three furlongs in length, to their exceeding turmoyle, but by the help of their Staves they vaulted over many deep Sloughes

Shloughes and Boggs, which otherwise might have been very banefull unto them.

Having brought this Land to a period, they found themselves entered into a large, but very pleasant Wood, here were Trees of Rosemary, farre taller and bigger of bulk then any Brittish Elme, with Beds of Camomile six yards high, the Grasse no gowtier then that of other Climates, yet so incomparably stubborn, that the CHAMPION and SOTO passed over their tops without the least depreffing of them, as on a Marble Pavement: In the midst of this Grove there ran a Rivulet, not so Chrystalline as they could have wished, in which were infinite numbers of Flying-Fishes, which sometime fought with one another in the Ayre with incredible fiercenesse, many being slain on both sides, but dropping into their native Element they are recovered again.

These Feuds were maintained by these Aquatillians, meerly to please the

the Genius of the place, called *Diclon*, who sate ( invironed with a Guard of Spectars ) at the root of a Palme Tree, but his shape was so dreadfull, that neither the Champion nor *Soto* durst stand him, and therefore they departed towards the East side of the Grove, where the Champion espied that rare Beast which *Lamia* the Inchantresse had prophesied he should meet withall ; this wondrous Creature had the shape of a Hogg, but farre bigger then an ordinary Horse, two wings expanding themselves on either side of him ; his Saddle ( very sumptuously imbossed with Gold ) on his back, and his Bridle hanging loofly about his neck ; he was feeding very voraciously on the verdant Grasse, his teeth serving as a Sickle with which he mowed down all before him.

The CHAMPION was so overcome with joy to behold this Beast, that he remained for a time speechlesse, but at length recovering himselfe ; See SOTO, said hee, where the winged Hogg ( that gift  
of

of the Gods) long since assigned me by *Lamia*, offers himself to my disposall : He had no sooner said this, but ( like a courageous Knight ) he made up to this plumed prodigie, who seemed to fawn on him like a Spaniell, and to be desirous of his service; The CHAMPION finding him so gentle, immediately put the bit into his mouth, and leaping into the Saddle, commanded SOTO to get up behind him, who was once in the mind rather to desert his Master, then hazzard his person in so eminent a danger; but at length ( O man of desperation ! ) he forced himself to a compliance, and loaded the Crupper of this volatile Swine, who no sooner found himself burthened, but he quitted the Earth, and ( like some flitting Fowle ) made way with waving Wings, through the moyst Ayre, while the CHAMPION ( like another Belerophon ) was carried over Land and Sea, to the infinite astonishment of ali that beheld him, the people forsaking their houses, followed

lowed him in heaps, to feast their eyes with so unparallel'd an object; some thinking him to be *Hermes*, others some Magitian, such as *Agrippa* or *Faustus*, having thus travelled many hundred leagues, he gave his Hog a check, who gently saluted the Earth, the C H A M P I O N finding himself in the in-most parts of *Africk*, in one place he saw those kind of Devils called *Onoscelli*, with legs like unto Asses, in another place \* *Ephialtæ* and *Hypbialtæ*, those very things that in the shapes of men and women, allure the very Mortals of both Sexes to Venery, whence it comes so pass that we have many Hermaphrodicall Monsters amongst us even at this day, being (indeed) half men and half Devils, but whether by the fathers or the mothers side, is not materiall.

No marvell if our Champion were not very well pleased with this place which afforded nothing for food, unless he would have fed upon the haunches of a Hypocentaure, or feasted on the fore-quarter of a Fiend; he there-

\* *Iacubi* and *Seccubi*, that leap upon men and women in their sleep; some ignorant Physicians say that these are nothing else but a Disease.

therefore having seated Soto once more behind him, gave his winged Beast the Rein, who forsaking this duller Earth, cut a passage to the Clouds, travelling over the tops of Steeples and Towers, with admirable celerity.

Ah Zara, Zara, had thy rude Father moistned thy minority with the Elements of the Arts, till thou hadst grown tall and tough in Scientificall knowledge, what excellent Cosmographicall Volumes had the World been witness of ? and thou (with Julius Cæsar) have been as famous for thy Goose Quill in after Ages, as thou art now eminent for thy wondrous Hogg, and Heroick Resolution to visit strange Countries, but it's bootless to bewail a helpless ill, and to weep over the Bier will not bring the dead man to life again : Proceed we therefore with the Narration of our Champions admirable Adventures, who (as did Soto) \* grew more and more ponderous every minute, so that the Swine began to abate much of his

\* The emp-  
tiness of the  
crows causes  
the heavy-  
ness of the  
carkals. See  
Marriots  
Madrigals,  
and Wood  
of Kents

swiftness, and to flye but with a feeble wing, which caused the Champion (though much against his will, for he had not yet perused a place pat for his purpose) to salute the Earth a second time, but with the same fortune he found before; this was part of *Lybia*, but not so full of Serpents as in *Cato's* time, by reason that the River *Nylus* had broken that way, and made a fair riddance of these foule creatures; here they found men and women with heads like Dogs barking at one another most bitterly, and sometimes howling in a most hideous manner, the comfortable Sun, nor the continent Moon never beautifie these barren grounds, onely a certain Star appeared in the East part of the Horizon, which afforded a glimmering Lucency; the Champion and *Soto* were exceedingly perplexed to finde themselves now amongst Doggs, as lately among Divels, insomuch, that had they worn Swords, ten to one but they had slain themselvs, but making a vertue of necessity (the Champion leading the winged Hog in his hand)

band) they footed it with much swiftness till they came within ken of a Castle, scituate upon a Rock, invironed with many pleasant Trees; how joyous our Champion and Soto were to behold this Mansion (in all probability) made for Mortalls to make merry in, let those that have been sensible of their sufferances relate.

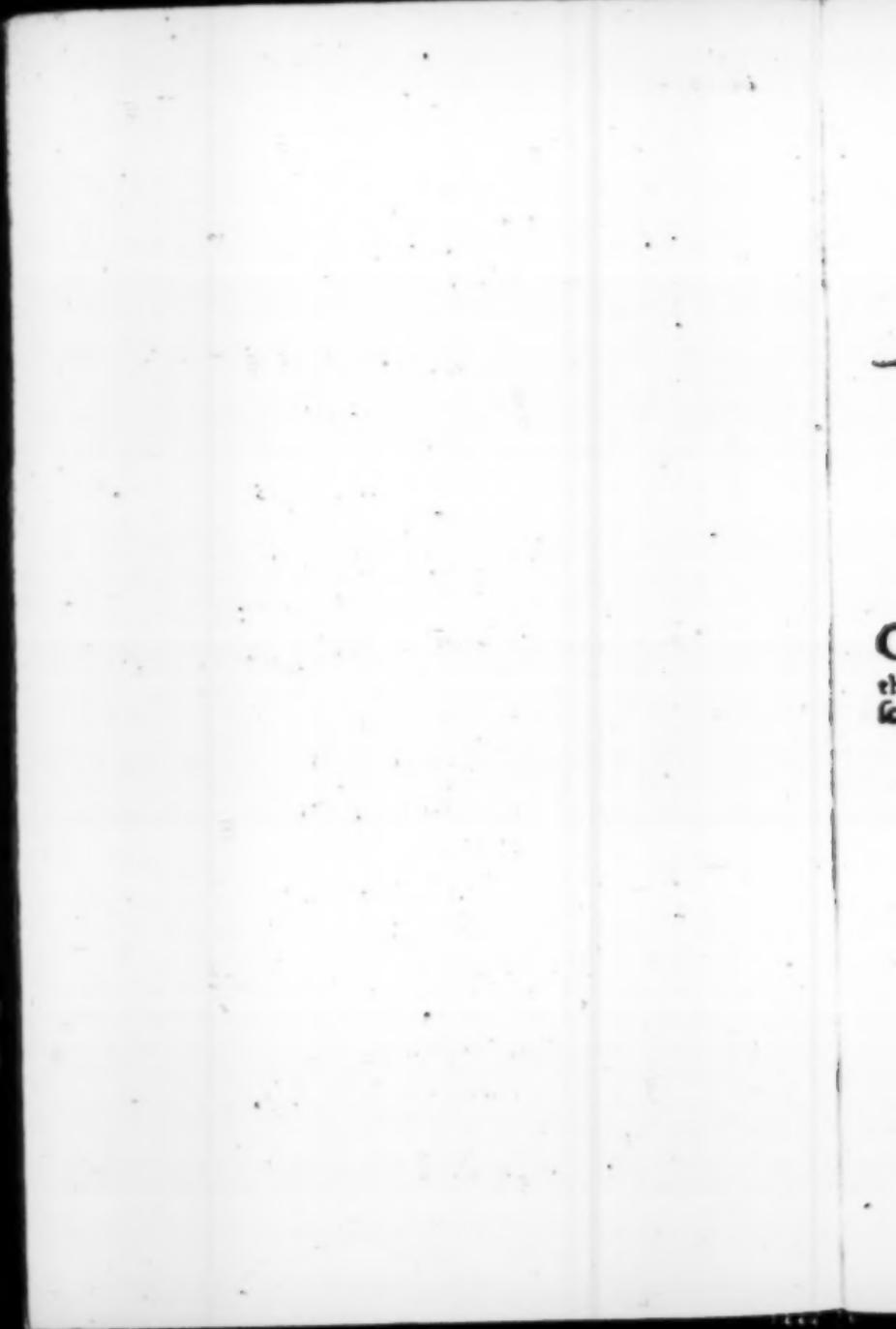
Here



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Here Time trips up the beels  
of thy bright story,  
Renowned Don, vex'd at thy  
Valours, glory;  
Dragons may now  
securely sleep, and ugly  
Deformed Orks seem to look  
smooth and smugly;  
Gyants may wield their Maces'  
and their Oakes,  
And knock down Knighthood  
with their strenuous stroaks:  
Who now shall cure those Castles  
that are haunted?  
Affording ayde to men  
and Beasts Inchanted?  
None, none, for Zara sleeps  
(to gain new vigour)  
And who shall dare to rowze  
a snoring Tyger:  
Let him that sings his Second Part  
drink smartly,  
Of Sack and Sulphure,  
and then write most tarily.

F I N I S.



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## ERRATA.

Courageous Reader I desire thee to mend severall literall  
faults and points misplaced which doth sometime make  
the sense harsh, and turn over to Book 1. Chap. 3. at the  
Second line, read, like ~~Bandogs~~ so tormented,

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